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VOL. XXXII No. 36 SEPTEMBER 3, 1949 TWENTY CENTS

SEP 7

Lionel Curtis, author of "World Revolution in the Cause of Peace." (See page 8)

If One Must Write Fiction . . .

By R. C. HUTCHINSON

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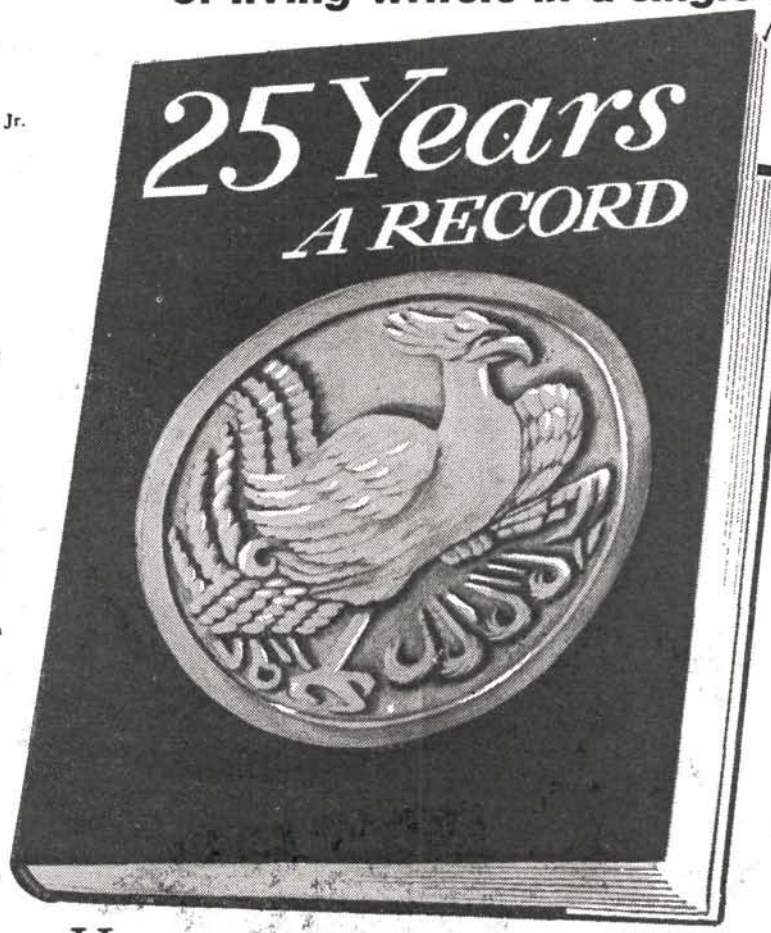

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September 3, 1949

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 36, September 3, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In St. Louis, the Doubleday Book Shop received a highly cherished order for one copy each of Du Maurier's "Frenchman's Greek" and Balzac's "Drool Stories."

• • In *The New Statesman*, a British magazine, Geoffrey Gorer observed, "One of the strangest developments of recent years is the extraordinary arrogance of American newspapermen. Most American foreign correspondents appear to believe that their professional position gives them miraculous insight and divination denied to diplomatists, linguists, lifelong students of the relevant political or economic developments of the countries in question, or, indeed, to any mortal not working for an American publisher. This belief is shared by most of the foreign correspondents' fellow citizens. John Steinbeck's 'Russian Journal' is an extreme illustration of this trend. Mr. Steinbeck's sole qualification for writing about Russia is that he was accredited to the *New York Herald Tribune*. He did not know a word of Russian, so that he was completely dependent on professional guides and interpreters. And, since he had made no study of any aspect of Russian life, he had no standards of comparison by which he could judge what he actually saw . . ." To which Irving Hoffman, of the *Hollywood Reporter*, commented, "Pretty speech, indeed. Coming from Geoffrey Gorer, who visited the United States for twelve months or so and then proceeded to write an extremely opinionated book called "The American—A Study in Character," in which he set himself up as an expert on the species. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the Gorer, Brother . . ."

• • In Claremont, California, Richard Armour observed:

People who are up on Sartre
Seem to view themselves as smartre.

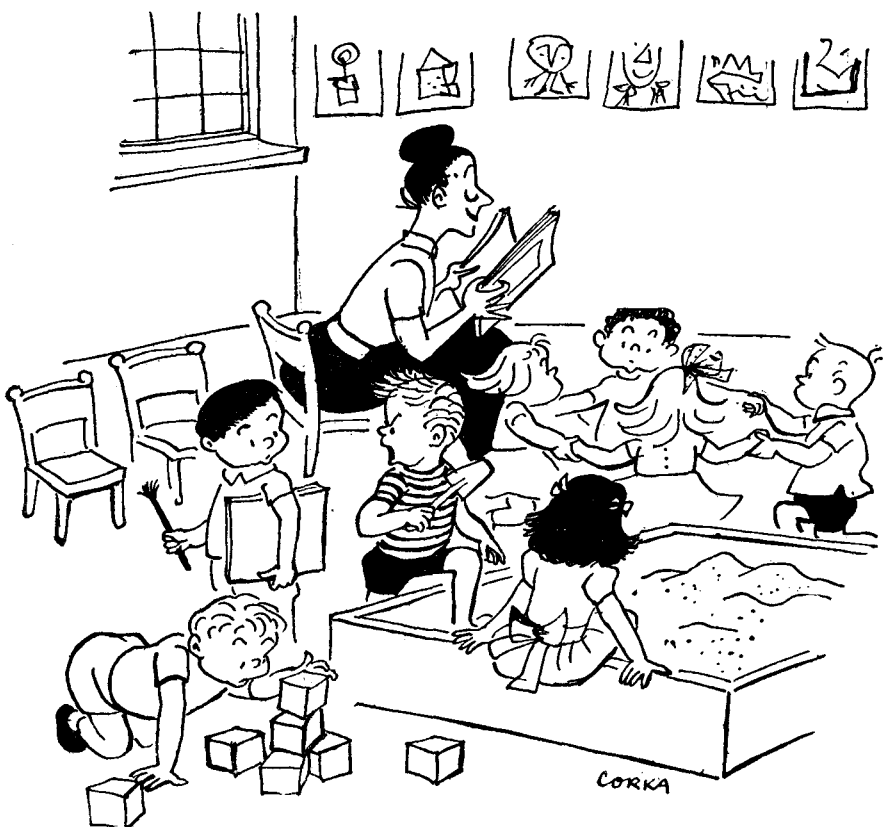
• • In Seattle, Director of Libraries Harry C. Bauer recalled a clever swindler who used the library's reference room as his court of final authority. Come summertime, the rascal would invade a saloon and buy a beer. After striking up a conversation with a likely victim, he would remark, "Mighty hot, isn't it? I keep wiping the transpiration off my face." He would invariably be corrected, and an argument would ensue, followed by a wager of considerable amount. The trickster would then lead his victim to the public library, march to the unabridged dictionary (which eventually opened automatically to the proper page) and prove that perspiration is one form of transpiration . . . Mr. Bauer admits that there are easier ways to make a living.

• • In Albany, Laurence McKinney pooh-poohed lists of future greats at Yale and Columbia in 1920, but swelled visibly with pride at memories of Harvard '12. "It was there," Mr. McKinney purrs, "that I met and knew Robert Benchley, Walter Lippmann, Frederick Lewis Allen, William L. Laurence, George W. Gray, Conrad Aiken, Alan Seager, Kermit Roosevelt, and Joseph P. Kennedy—and I am, like metal ashtrays on antique sideboards, merely scratching the surface." TRADE WINDS, impressed, awaits further advice from loyal alumni of other universities.

• • In New York, Rinehart and Company, Philip Wylie's publishers, took umbrage at what they regarded as unfair sniping by the book reviewers of *Time* magazine, and sent out this reminder to the trade: "*Time* called Wylie's 'Finnley Wren' 'a febrile failure,' 'Generation of Vipers' 'a spectacular fizzle,' and 'An Essay on Morals' 'a whiff into midnight.' Now it labels 'Opus 21' 'fantastically bad.' Nevertheless, 'Opus 21' is an emphatic best seller, and will take its place with Philip Wylie's other books—artistically and intellectually secure from the ravages of *Time*."

• • In Cannes, an ambitious author mailed synopses of his novel, "Magic of Love," to leading American publishers, urging them to publish same because "hundreds of thousands of well-to-do tourists to the Riviera would eat it up." The word-for-word synopsis follows:

> "Magic of Love" is the story of a highly gifted, yet sexually rather feable young man who gots finally free from his "inferiority-complex" by contacts with telepathy and other unknown forces who compensate his physical lack by mental power.
>
> The hero, Amédée, comes to the south-coast in order to recover his health in the beautiful loneliness of a cap and in the society of his intelligent dog who plays a part in the first part of the book. Yet the hypersensibel imagination of the hero impresses him so that he looks for human and, especially, feminine, contacts. After an adventure with a sensual italian girl he saved,



"Frankly, I don't see why we couldn't do this at home!"

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he falls in love with a refined scandinavian girl (Ingrid). But she gets enamoured with a syrian auto-race-driver, a seducer, staying for a few weeks there.

The hero in his despair finds moral help by Sven, the girl's grand-father, an old captain who introduces him into magical arts, and by Christine too, Ingrid's very smart mother, who comforts the unhappy young man with an enormous gain in the Monte Carlo casino and even by her love. Meanwhile the syrian driver perishes in the race. If through magic power and the will of Amédée, remains an open question. An other is the origin of Ingrid's baby: is it the syrian's or the hero's to whom Ingrid has recourse after the drivers accident? At any rate, now the hero is happy to join Ingrid because he loves children and he had feared to have never one.

There is a dozen of others persons and adventures in this novel, yet the action is less important here than the atmosphere because of the psychological problems treated in my book.

Yesterday I got a letter from a german (Munich) publisher comparing this novel with those of Balzac.

I can see the jacket design now!

• • In Washington, Elliot Graham, of Dutton's, visited the Corcoran Art Gallery and marveled at the priceless canvases on display. "What a fine museum you have here," he exclaimed to an attendant. "Nah," said the attendant. "This is nothing. The FBI Museum, *that's* a museum. They got Dillinger's hat, Bonny Parker's cigar, and a paper bag that had $50,000 hot money in it *all on one floor*!"

• • In the Barberry Room, Alfred A. Knopf, asked by an outsider why book publishers had never emulated Broadway producers and avoided endless headaches by agreeing upon a basic contract with authors and agents, sagely observed, "A publisher alone may be a charming and intelligent fellow. Two publishers by themselves may also be charming and intelligent fellows. Any time three or more publishers get together, however, they are invariably a collection of imbeciles."

• • In New York, Kenneth Littauer and Max Wilkerson have opened a literary agency at 280 Madison Avenue. Littauer was fiction editor of *Collier's* for a solid twenty-two years, with time out for tours of duty overseas as an officer in both world wars. Wilkerson held important posts at *The New York Times, Adventure, Collier's, Esquire,* and *Good Housekeeipng,* and then put in three years in Hollywood as head of Sam Goldwyn's scenario department. It was during his tenure of office there that "The Best Years of Our Lives" was made. Solid citizens, these—and you will soon be hearing about their exploits as agents.

"I'll look it up, but personally I think it's psychosomatic."

• • In Kingsport, Tennessee, Curley Wilhelm met up with a luscious model who was completing a book of her intimate memoirs. Curley gave her the title she had been searching for: "Natural Resources." The book is probably burning up the Kingsport presses at this very moment.

• • In New York, a new publishing house was projected by Helen Taylor and Keith Jennison, financed to a considerable degree by Harold Guinzburg of Viking Press. Both Miss Taylor and Jennison were, until recently, with William Sloane Associates. Jennison, in fact, is author of "New York and the State It's In," one of the leading items on Sloane's fall list.

• • In Boston, the *Horn Book*'s twenty-fifth anniversary comes on the heels of *SRL*'s and will be celebrated in the October issue. The *Horn Book*, a bi-monthly, is devoted exclusively to children's books, and does a very thorough job of it. For details, consult Charlotte I. West, at 248 Boylston Street.

• • In the offices of W. W. Norton, happy editors tabulated advance orders for Lillian Smith's "Killers of the Dream" (due October 24), found that the house record had been broken. Coward-McCann is also having a hard time keeping up with prepublication demands for Elizabeth Goudge's January entry, "Gentian Hill," patterned more or less on her earlier smash, "Green Dolphin Street."

• • On the sands at Truro, vacationing literati, listening idly to broadcasts of baseball games, have added a little byplay of their own. One commercial before a game begins and another when it's concluded are considered legitimate, but anybody who doesn't snap off the sound before five words of an intervening message from the sponsor is intoned is penalized a point. Failure to muffle "comedy" or "poetry" routines featuring joint announcers is the unpardonable sin, costing ten points for the first offense, and drinks for everybody on the beach thereafter. Anybody caught calling a home-run a "Ballantine blast," "Chesterfield satisfier," or "White Owl wallop" is stoned off the Cape.

• • In a well-known agency, two Finnish journalists have bobbed up simultaneously with what they describe as 'the absolutely exclusive, never-before-told story of the real reason behind Tito's break with the Comintern." The agents are trying to decide which Finn has the phony.

—Bennett Cerf.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

If One Must Write Fiction . . .

R. C. HUTCHINSON

R. C. Hutchinson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week, in "My Kind of Poetry," by Peter Viereck,* SRL *published the artistic credo of one of the most promising of America's younger poets. This week it publishes the following apologia of R. C. Hutchinson, the leading British novelist writing today in the tradition of the great novelists. Mr. Hutchinson's latest work, "Elephant and Castle," received high critical acclaim upon its publication last spring.*

THE desire to write novels sometimes seems to me a kind of disease. It afflicts many people, either early or late in life, but the majority make a good recovery. I have been less fortunate.

It first attacked me when the works of Amy Le Feuvre were being read to me in the nursery, and during my second year at boarding school I produced a novel of 20,000 words; its nature and literary merit are sufficiently indicated by the title—"The Hand of the Purple Idol." This eruption might have cured me, but it failed to do so; as soon as I had left Oxford and gone into business I was at work on another, which, unfortunately, found a publisher, and I continued, while I worked as assistant to the advertising manager for Colman's Mustard, to spend nearly all my spare time writing. In the next few years I produced "The Answering Glory," a portrait of a woman missionary, which I still like; "The Unforgotten Prisoner," a crudely-shaped story set in the early post-First-War years in Germany and England—the Book Society gave me some much needed encouragement by choosing it; "One Light Burning," a tale of Siberian adventure which had a modest succès d'estime in some quarters, and the earlier chapters of "Shining Scabbard," set in the provincial France of 1914.

To do one job by day and another at night made a fairly hard life; but if, when young, one must write, I think one can do worse than follow that course. The period when one is learning the elements of a writer's job by trial and error is necessarily a long one, and since it is unlikely that the public will want to buy in quantity the products of that apprenticeship it seems to me better to have the security of steady employment than to be burdened with anxiety about selling what one writes.

To this reasoning, however, experience brought objections. The mind may be most creative at night, when fatigue makes competing interests less aggressive; but it is, I find, most critical in the morning, and only a fresh mind can perform the task—so much harder for a writer than for a painter—of standing back to view the picture (a section or a chapter) as a whole. A paragraph which seems to read well enough in the small hours may reveal itself in daylight as loose-jointed, tortuous, over-rhythmic, or ill-proportioned.

My dissatisfactions were increasing. I was beginning (far later I suppose than most writers) to realize that the technical problems were not the only ones; that a novel, to be worth the effort that goes to its making, ought ideally to perform a larger operation on the reader's mind than distracting it for two or three hours; in short, that I had everything still to learn, and that I should make no progress unless I made writing a whole-time job. This was in 1935, and I then had three children. To give up my regular employment called for a recklessness of which I should have been quite incapable, but my wife (who has always been my chief literary adviser) possessed the nerve I lacked; we moved our family to a converted public-house in the Cotswolds and I "commenced author."

KEEPING to a fixed schedule of working hours (for if I worked only when inclined I should scarcely work at all), I finished "Shining Scabbard" in what now seems to me a remarkably short time. This was probably the tidiest novel I have done—it has, I think, fewer technical blunders than the others—but was fatally lacking in philosophical implications of any kind; it poses no problem concerned with the opposition of good and evil. It was the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club in America. This was a

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long book, but the next one, "Testament," a story set in the Russia of 1916-20, was longer still—perhaps 300,000 words. Great length may indicate pretentiousness, or laziness of a particular kind, and my own general feeling is that a contemporary novel gains in many ways if it can be kept within 100,000 words. I cannot give shortly all the reasons why I have considerably exceeded that figure four times; I can only say that the portion of life which I wanted to represent on each of those four occasions could not, in my judgment, be represented in a small space with fidelity.

THE situations and events of a novel can derive importance only from the importance of the people who take part in them, which may mean, in broad terms, that the reader must know those people as he knows his own friends. In life such intimate knowledge is acquired as a rule slowly, and in fiction I doubt if any knowledge which is emptied, so to speak, into the reader's plate will affect him as profoundly as that which is administered in scientific doses. Indeed, I suspect that slowness (the tedium of which ought to be cunningly alleviated) is an element essential to the novelistic form—as opposed to the dramatic or short-story form. Incidentally, it is not true in my experience that a long novel is easier to write than a short one; length obviates a number of tactical problems, but it induces strategic ones—problems of proportion and momentum—which are by no means easier to handle.

I have been asked more than once how the knowledge of Russia needed for the background of "Testament" was obtained. The answer is grievously simple. Municipal libraries contain many books by amateur travelers, naive autobiographers, excitable diarists, and others which are full of odd bits of information, available to anyone who will take the trouble to hunt them out. Background material is the least formidable of a novelist's difficulties; it involves donkey work, nothing more.

I had determined to write one novel which would satisfy me as a good one before I passed the age of thirty. But in 1938, when I finished "Testament," I was already thirty-one, so I put the age limit on to forty. With the optimism that comes from an Irish strain I imagined that another nine years would suffice.

The business was growing more difficult. Belatedly, I was coming to see that the aims of a novelist and those of an artist (of however modest ambition) were at least superficially

opposed. The desire—the passion—of a novelist is to represent the fulness of life, and life is an untidy affair—a procession of infinitely varied relationships, of violent contrasts and fantastic inconsistencies, of boredom, triviality, melodrama, and farce, of incidents which differ totally in color and shape according to the point from which they are viewed.

The essence of a work of art is unity. If a novelist has, besides, the instinct of a story-teller, that esthetic instinct which one associates more immediately with painters and composers, he hankers to impose on every part of his book—description, narrative, dialogue—a tonal unity of the kind which a painter achieves by the selection and modification of colors, and which Beethoven imposes by analogous means upon a symphony. The ambition may be futile. Certainly I find, in a way not easy to set down in terms, that, whenever I am writing, the esthetic and what I may call the historian's instincts are at war; and in the work of others it often appears to me that the writing which I most admire esthetically has been achieved at the expense of certain robust virtues on which the final importance of the novel seems to depend.

At the age of thirty-two, however, one still considers no problem insuperable, and in this light I was contentedly overhauling my previous notions of story-telling when the signature of the Munich agreement indicated that artistic ambitions must shortly be put into storage. I had finished another book in a scramble ("The Fire and the Wood," a story concerned with tuberculosis, destined to come out at the wrong time and to be a failure) when I went into the Army early in 1940.

The Army treated me with exceptional charity. It presented me with some of the best friends I have known, a great variety of employment, and a journey through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, and Persia which I could never have afforded as a civilian; it even gave me the opportunity, during a tour at the War Office, to write one short novel, "Interim," working late at night, as in earlier days, with the additional incubus of A.A. guns shaking my tiny top-floor Kensington room. Soldiering, if my activities

(*Continued on page 37*)

Address to My Hand

By Eric Wilson Barker

REMEMBERED in your veins as close as blood,
Nor till that tide has dried and left you cold
Shall this be less than blood that keeps you warm:
Whatever is so kindred to your touch
You wear its close-grained nature like a glove,
Growing like winter snakes a second skin.

So is the warmth of summer-feeling stones
Sealed up within you like a last caress
Cached in the heart for future loneliness.
Your second hide no hand but death's can peel
From bones that clutch like winter-stabbing trees
The fire-tried stones for safest anchorage.

Hand-shape is mere disguise: you are convex
As any sphere that fits you like an apple;
Stroked-marble smooth and rough as fallen star;
You are those lines that curves and angles are.
All love's geometry has been impressed
Upon that palimpsest, your second skin.

Not snow is colder nor green ice more chill
Than bitter memory frozen in your palm.
That icicle has roots deep as the grave
And will not cease from aching till you lie,
Geometer of endless vacuums,
Beside that shape which shapeless death contrived.

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The World. *In its recent publication "United States Relations with China" our State Department substantially confessed the failure of the policy it has been pursuing toward China and all the lands of the Far East. This development was no news to persons who had read such worth-while volumes as Owen Lattimore's "The Situation in Asia," Richard E. Lauterbach's "Danger from the East," and J. K. Fairbank's "United States and China." The new publishing season is bringing along some additional noteworthy titles: Mary A. Nourse's "Ferment in the Far East: A Historical Interpretation," Anna Louise Strong's "The Chinese Conquer China," and the late George Moorad's "Lost Peace in China," the latter reviewed below. . . . Lionel Curtis's little book "World Revolution in the Cause of Peace" is a capital contribution to the growing literature on world federation and world government.*

'Twixt Functionalism & Federalism

WORLD REVOLUTION IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. By Lionel Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 135 pp. $2.50.

By August Heckscher

IN THE autumn of 1787 Benjamin Franklin was writing to a friend in Paris, enclosing the "propos'd new Federal Constitution for these states." "If it succeeds," he said, "I do not see why you in Europe might not carry the Project of Good Henry 4th into Execution, by forming a Federal Union and one Grand Republick of all its different States and Kingdoms." The plea of the optimistic but premature Franklin is taken up some hundred and sixty years later by Lionel Curtis. The U. S. Constitution *has* succeeded; and Mr. Curtis sees no reason why a comparable organization should not succeed for Western Europe and ultimately for the world.

Introduced by former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, who claims to find "an outstanding definition of the course we must follow," Mr. Curtis's book is brief and somewhat discursive, composed through long passages of excerpts from recent speeches of European statesmen. But the wisdom it contains is the harvest of a lifetime spent in the study of a world community and in practical efforts to create successful federal relations. These are ripe conclusions, and they deserve to be weighed in the search for a way out of the world's dangerous predicament.

The chief argument of the book is against what Mr. Curtis defines as the "functional approach" — that which would lead to "a creeping and incipient union." The cause of state and national jealousies, he maintains persuasively, is the fear of war; while this remains there is no real hope for an abatement of sovereignty and the establishment of a true federal union. The most that can be expected in such circumstances is a half-hearted and ineffectual arrangement, comparable to the Articles of Confederation or the League of Nations. The knot can only be cut at one stroke: the union having been set up, the conditions of its permanence come into being.

An interesting exchange of letters suggests to Mr. Curtis a parallel between the gradualists of our own day and those who in another century shied away from a definitive constitutional convention in America. Mr. Churchill is all for action in getting started his Movement for European Unity—"One spasm of resolve! One single gesture!" he has cried out, urging the Europeans to unite. But Prime Minister Attlee is caution personified; and when Churchill urges the passage of a certain resolution in the Parliament, the Prime Minister thinks "that this is not the right time for governments to take this major initiative, when their hands are so full already with urgent and difficult problems." It sounds a little like the figure in the Bab Ballads who

> Whenever he thought it was time to begin
> Couldn't, because of the state he was in.

Mr. Curtis is undoubtedly right in insisting that we cannot dream ourselves into a world union, or wander there, or build one (as a famous empire was built) absent-mindedly. Yet Mr. Churchill's "single gesture"—the framing and adoption of the constitution—can only come about when conditions have been prepared and the precise moment is seized. The great detail with which Mr. Curtis follows

THE AUTHOR: Lionel Curtis has always urged federation as practised in the USA for disturbed areas to which he has been dispatched by the British Government, usually without portfolio. One of the brainy youths comprising "[Lord] Milner's Kindergarten," he resigned as Town Clerk of Johannesburg after the Boer War, and with Philip Kerr (later Lord Lothian) brought about the South African Union—a radical deviation from empirical protocol which gave the victors a voting minority but achieved accord. He was considerably responsible for bi-rule in India, and three decades ago evangelized for its self-government. Reforms he suggested were adopted there, in China, and New Zealand. At Versailles he was effectually vocal, albeit unsung. Only regarding the Emerald Isle were heads turned from his Jeffersonian reasoning as secretary of the Irish Conference and Commission to carry out the settlement with the Free State, and he was ridiculed in Parliament as "the man who brought dyarchy to India and anarchy to Ireland." Forty years ago, an Oxford graduate, he became one of the university's Fellows of All Souls College, among the most scholastic bodies anywhere. There he initiated and nurtured the Royal Institute of International Affairs, with which Arnold Toynbee has long been identified. Meanwhile, besides other political works, he wrote "Civitas Dei," "World War: Its Cause and Cure," "War or Peace," and "The Master-Key to Peace." Withal, he has remained comparatively unknown publicly and was but this past summer officially recognized for a lifetime's consecration to global order: King George named him a Companion of Honor (a C. H. he shares after his name with Churchill), and Atlee credited his role in England's shift from secret to open diplomacy. Not content to loll on tardy laurels, this seventy-six-year-old son of a Ledbury vicar pleads yet more insistently for federal superstructure to rein a restive world. —R. G.

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the growth of the Western Europe idea since the war suggests that he attaches importance to developments even of the creeping variety. The conflict between the two concepts of functionalism and federalism (in the author's phrase) is probably more apparent than real.

Indeed all the approaches to federal union have found it necessary to graft themselves upon some institutional development already under way. Mr. Curtis seems to take Western Europe as the kernel which will expand into world union (though he does not make plain how the vast jump will be made). The World Federalists in this country have seized upon the United Nations as the bridge to their larger hope; a resolution now before the Congress would declare it our national policy to make the U. N. the ultimate instrument of world union. The followers of Clarence Streit seem at the moment to be placing their chief emphasis on the Atlantic alliance as a way to establish federalism among the free nations of the Western Hemisphere.

In each of these projects there is a healthy relationship between the means and ends—in a word, between functionalism and federalism. The only shortcoming in these various approaches is that each is compelled for obviously practical reasons to put its eggs in a single basket, whereas union, when it does come, will be the outgrowth of the thousand strands that are weaving our world into a closely knit fabric.

The stress of meeting the economic, political, and military postwar problems has shown clearly that the old system of national sovereignties is not adequate. The United Nations, the Brussels Pact, the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, including a widely ramified system of joint boards for defense and for economic aid, are all reflections of the overwhelming need to unite. They are at once portents and partial fulfillments of the great goal of federalism. These developments still await the final crown—"the spasm of resolve" that will bring them into one design.

No one can foresee how that resolve will mature, whether under the stress of crisis, or the spell of a great leader, or through inner necessities becoming ever more plain to the people of the world. Certainly no book can bring the day; but a book like Mr. Curtis's can help clear our minds and strengthen our purposes as we move toward it.

August Heckscher, a former member of the faculty of Yale University and author of "The Pattern of Politics" and "These Are the Days," is an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE STARS THAT SHINE ABOVE

Lynden H. W. Barclay, of Kenogami, P. Q., Canada, offers fifteen quotations that mention stars. Allowing seven points for either the author or the title in each case, a score of fifty-six is par, seventy is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
   When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
2. And a star or two beside.
3. So sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed,
   And yet anon repairs his drooping head.
4. Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
   The silent stars go by.
5. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
   But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
6. Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
7. The moon shines still at his command, and all the stars obey.
8. But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star
   Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!
9. Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art!
10. God, if You wish for our love, fling us a handful of stars!
11. But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
    Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust."
12. And from the sky, serene and far, a voice fell, like a falling star.
13. So must I curse my cruel stars, and walk about in Wales.
14. We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.
15. The sun descending in the West, the evening star doth shine.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Chop Suey."

East Asia Tragedy

LOST PEACE IN CHINA. By George Moorad. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 262 pp. $3.

By Hallett Abend

INITIAL reaction to the reading of George Moorad's "Lost Peace in China" is a sense of keen regret that Mr. Moorad, instead of living to write many more books, should have lost his life in the disastrous airplane crash near Bombay, which cost the lives of thirteen American correspondents in midsummer of this year.

The second reaction is one of shock over the indirect revelations of the utter ineptitude of American foreign policy toward the Soviet Union, the rape of Manchuria, and the general Chinese situation. It is not Mr. Moorad's strictures against our weak and fumbling policy that brings this sense of shock; rather, is it the reading of his factual account of the reception and treatment which he and other American newsmen met in Mukden, and of the things they saw and experienced there.

This section of a rather uneven book is top-class narrative and descriptive writing by a man with a trained and observant eye and an alert mind. The fact that these Manchurian experiences occurred early in 1946, and that certainly American consular and diplomatic representatives knew what was going on, make all the more inexplicable the continued policy of drift and Washington's persistent attempts to force a coalition government, including the Communists, upon the Chinese Nationalists.

George Moorad's book is a particularly good example of the value to the public—and for the record—of factual works of this kind by widely traveled newsmen and women. No

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doubt nearly all the facts included in the Manchurian recital appeared in the newspapers in this country early in 1946, in dispatches written by Moorad and other correspondents. But they appeared piecemeal—a short item in one paper today, a long item in another paper tomorrow.

Chiang Kai-shek is presented in this book as a figure of heroic dimensions, which to this reviewer is the principal weakness of an otherwise well-thought-out handling of the East Asia tragedy. Mr. Moorad blames the economic and moral disintegration of the Kuomintang and its leaders upon what he calls the over-generous concessions made to Chinese nationalism at Cairo.

At that 1943 conference, he declares, we and the British conceded to the Chinese more than they could possibly handle with efficiency, and he argues that a more gradual relinquishment of the "unequal treaty" privileges would have been more kind to China, and better for the nations of the West. This is surprising, since George Moorad first went to China in 1931, and even at that time there were ample signs of the dry rot and corruption which since Japan's surrender have become so shockingly evident.

"Lost Peace in China" appears to have been written in great haste, and to have been hastily edited, for it abounds in inaccuracies both statistical and historical. It declares that "only the allied troops of the Boxer punitive expedition" ever looted and profaned Peking. Actually, the British and French forces did a more complete and more disgraceful job half a century earlier. The book's statement of the area of Manchuria errs by more than 100,000 square miles. On another page the author says that the Nationalist troops "eventually landed at Chingwantao, where they commenced the long march overland to Manchuria." Yet Chingwantao is on the Manchurian border, within sight of the Great Wall which divides China proper from what was Japan's Empire of Manchoukuo. In another chapter, the book refers to Japan's drives "through Mongolia and further west," but actually Japanese troops never penetrated even to the western border of Inner Mongolia.

In spite of minor errors of this kind, "Lost Peace in China" is a book of enduring value, and is packed with brisk writing which will give pleasure to any reader. To students of Far East affairs it will ring true, and it will be of value to the historians of the future. It is an excellent eye-witness account of momentous events which will long have disastrous effects upon America's position in the Far Pacific.

Belles-Lettres. *For a man whose body has been moldering for more than three centuries, William Shakespeare is an exceedingly lively figure. Consider, for example, the fulminations printed on* SRL's LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *pages during recent months from partisans of the Earl of Oxford and Francis Bacon. These zealous students of Shakespeare's life, as well as devotees of his work, will find stimulation in Ivor Brown's "Shakespeare" (reviewed below), which is an attempt to convert "the Shakespeare mystery" into a man. The more scholarly-minded will want to look into Allardyce Nicoll's second annual survey of Shakespearean studies (see page 12). . . . To the large shelf on Goethe's work published earlier this year add yet another excellent critical study, Karl Viëtor's "Goethe the Poet," issued to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth last August 28.*

The Bard's Private Ecstasies & Woes

SHAKESPEARE. By Ivor Brown. New York: Doubleday & Co. 306 pp. $4.

By OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL

AS THE author himself confesses, "This is a lover's book." It is the product of his life-long intimacy with Shakespeare's plays and a compelling temptation to create a credible human being out of the deceptive evidence of the poet's writing. In brief, the critic has tried to convert "the Shakespeare mystery" into a man.

Ivor Brown has long had a professional interest in the theatre. Since 1919 he has served as dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Observer*, and other important English journals. Through his wife, Irene Hentschel, a well-known theatrical director, he has become familiar also with what goes on behind the asbestos curtain. Therefore it is no surprise to read his announcement that he is to treat his subject as a man of the theatre who designed his dramas with an eye on the capacities of his fellow actors and the preferences of his audience.

—*Angus McBean.*

Ivor Brown—"This is a lover's book."

Yet Mr. Brown gives scant attention to such matters. Assuming instead that Shakespeare was a kind of romantic poet, he finds the plays to be revelations of the dramatist's private ecstasies and—above all—of his woes. Since Shakespeare began by writing joyous comedies and colorful histories and progressed by way of bitter comedies and profound tragedies to his dramatic romances—such as "The Tempest"—the critic infers that Shakespeare's spirit must have passed from youthful gaiety, through middle-aged pessimism, to serene acceptance of life as it is. Specifically he believes that the "dark" comedies like "Troilus and Cressida" and "Measure for Measure" are expressions of bitter disillusionment and sex-nausea. The many references to "the gout, serpigo, and the rheums" which pepper the text suggest to Mr. Brown that when it was written Shakespeare "was undergoing bodily trouble and seeing something of the doctor." He may even have sought the advice of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, to the repulsive contents of whose "case book" the critic devotes some of his most entertaining paragraphs. But the effort to describe the state of Shakespeare's soul when he wrote his tragedies strains the resources of Mr. Brown's vocabulary. Then the poet was "living in a world of darkness unqualified" and "in a period of devouring pessimism."

There is nothing new in this sort of

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biographical interpretation of the poet's work. On the contrary, it is outmoded, being based on a naive conception of the relation of an author's personal experience to his artistic achievements. Incidentally, it ignores the influences of current movements in the theatre and in the drama which we should expect to be a drama critic's first interest.

More surprising is the importance which Mr. Brown attributes to the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. He is sure that she haunted Shakespeare "from 'Love's Labour's Lost' and the Sonnets to the last superb breath-taking final scene of 'Antony and Cleopatra'." Whenever a brunette appears in a play, that is she; whenever a woman awakens passion in a man, that is she; whenever Shakespeare, following an age-old satiric tradition, makes a target of woman's foibles or her lust, he is voicing his resentment toward the woman who awakened in him intensive, but detested, physical desire. Black eyes, shortness of breath, or an invitation to sexual excitement are enough to identify her. The critic concludes that the poet happily shook off her baleful influence in composing "Antony and Cleopatra." To Mr. Brown the magnificent scene of Cleopatra's death is Shakespeare's exultant cry that she will never again make an entrance and madden him as of old.

Enthralling fiction this may be, but it unfortunately greatly reduces both the poet's power of dramatic characterization and his spiritual stature. It assumes that the Dark Lady invaded and hypnotized Shakespeare's imagination as Fanny Brawne did that of poor John Keats.

To one reader, then, Mr. Brown's solution of "the Shakespeare mystery" is unsatisfactory. However, no such reservation need be made in regard to the other aspects of his book. His account of the events of the poet's life is spiritual and based on the most reliable scholarship. His fresh information about curious ways of the Elizabethans—in particular his description of their monotonous, unhealthful diet and their disgusting pharmacopoeia—is vastly entertaining and his celebration of what he calls "the Shakespeare wonder" is a triumph of critical insight and eloquence. Though Ivor Brown, like many before him, has been baffled in his quest for an eternally elusive man, he has, in the process, paid another worthy tribute to the world's greatest literary genius.

Oscar James Campbell, professor of English at Columbia University, is author of "Shakespeare's Satire" and other works on the Bard of Avon.

Assessing an English Essayist

—*Victoria and Albert Museum.*

William Hazlitt—"long-range insights."

HAZLITT PAINTED BY HIMSELF. Presented by Catherine Macdonald Maclean. New York: The Macmillan Co. 152 pp. $3.

By Harry Bull

IF WE are to take the author at her word, and to admit further her objectivity in appraising her own motives, "the purpose of this book is to let Hazlitt speak for himself, reveal himself as he appeared to himself, and his reaction to the life around him as it appeared to himself."

In less than 150 pages Dr. Maclean has assembled what seem to her to be the essences of a half dozen of Hazlitt's themes scattered through his twenty volumes. "To present without interruption the movement of his reaction to the existence he felt so keenly," she has not hesitated to weave together in the order that appeals to her his thoughts of a lifetime, joining them, without any typographical indication, by her own imitation of his style.

Considering both this method and "Born Under Saturn," the same writer's fulsome biography of the same critic, I am afraid we must discard her claim to an objective approach. Freud pointed out that biographers who are too enthusiastic are likely to be in love with their subjects. "But love is blind," he added, "and its presence inappropriate when you undertake to understand the psychology of a person." Faced with an author who mixed her own style with that of her hero, he would surely have made still more pertinent comments on projection and identification that would seriously question the professed value of "Hazlitt Painted by Himself."

A careful reading suggests that its value is rather that of the salty tidbits which encourage us to drink more deeply at the bar. If anyone doubts that a series of annotated quotations would not have proved more effective from the viewpoint of self-portraiture, let him consider how the very disjointedness of the entries in André Gide's "Journals" builds up the rich texture of personality.

In those pages, incidentally, Gide observed that journalism was writing which would be less interesting the next day. Today it is as propagandizing journalist that Hazlitt's hold on us is weakest, and yet it is in this role that Dr. Maclean apparently finds him most aware of himself. His sermonizing is given the benefit over his original, long-range insights, his loyalty to Napoleon as the champion of liberty featured to the neglect of such a remarkable summation, for pre-Victorian England, as I quote from the essay "On Genius and Common Sense":

> In art, in taste, in life, in speech, you decide from feeling and not from reason. . . . In a gesture you use, in a look you see, in a tone you hear, you judge of the expression, propriety, and meaning from habit, not from reason or rules; that is to say, from innumerable instances of like gestures, looks, and tones . . . too many and refined to be all distinctly recollected, but which do not therefore operate the less powerfully upon the mind and eye of taste.

From innumerable instances of like gestures, looks, and tones, I get the decided feeling that Dr. Maclean has unwittingly done for Hazlitt in the spirit of the *Reader's Digest.*

Lady Answering Lover's Look Renounceth Love

By Howard Holtzman

WHAT do your eyes see?
That I am old and painted?
Have done, my friend, let be.
You had me once untainted.
But even age I yet might bear
Save that it causeth you despair.

I would still be the thing
You thought me long ago,
But numbed, what bird can sing?
Who wantons in the snow?
A love that's lost no man may find.
Leave me and never look behind.

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Criticizing a Universal Man

GOETHE THE POET. By Karl Viëtor. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 341 *pp.* $5.

By Robert Pick

IT IS only natural that Goethe—"the last universal man of the Western world," to use the words of Ernst Robert Curtius—should fascinate this mid-twentieth century of ours above all as a personality. Torn by conflicting values, hemmed in in its outlook by the specialization of human pursuits, our era has every reason for being sensitive to the hortatory aspects of Goethe's life. In fact, these aspects provided the keynote for most of the publications and lectures occasioned in this country by the bicentennial year of his birth. Literary criticism, esthetic and historical estimates of the celebrated man's works—such as usually accompany memorial days of great men of letters—were less in appearance. The present handsomely printed volume fills that gap to perfection.

Its author, a distinguished German-born scholar teaching at Harvard, introduces his study as "a book of interpretation and criticism . . . [which] is also a book about Goethe." Dr. Viëtor is sparing in biographical detail; he has selected only such material as "contributes to a better comprehension of Goethe's creative existence and of his work." He presents the latter step by step (though not slavishly chronologically); and step by step Goethe emerges in his full growth and grandeur. One hesitates to say that Dr. Viëtor has portrayed Goethe through his work, or shown him in the mirror of his work. The interdependence of life and work defies these phrases in Goethe's case. There is, at least in secular writing, hardly another example of such an inextricable interdependence. What Goethe said about his drama "Torquato Tasso"—that it was "truly flesh from [his] flesh and from [his] blood"—might well serve as a motto to the whole of his work.

The widespread apathy toward it among English-speaking readers has often been blamed on its translators. But reading Dr. Viëtor's book, one can easily see what really makes the approach to Goethe so difficult for those who, unlike German-trained students, have not grown up with him, as it were. It is the fabulous variety of Goethe's writings and at the same time their close corelation. He fails any Great-Book program. Any one of his novels, or non-fiction books (the term would have horrified the man who gave to his autobiography the title "Poetry and Truth"), or any one of his classical dramas, may leave the uninitiated wondering about the uniqueness those familiar with Goethe's work attribute to it. Concluding his exhaustive discussion of "Faust," the present author says:

> The whole of Goethe's wisdom is contained only in the whole of his mature works and must be apprehended in them. . . . Whoso wishes may regard the tragedy of the magnificently erring titan as Goethe's highest achievement. . . . But the totality of his artistic capacity is not realized in it. The other works of Goethe's middle and late period are related to "Faust" as complementary opposites. Only when we see the tragedy in this context and grasp it on this basis, shall we be able to understand what it shows as a picture, what it means as a symbol.

Thus the demands Goethe makes on anyone seriously interested in his work are great, notwithstanding the limpidity of his language. Dr. Viëtor's interpretations will lighten these demands considerably. His book is free of any pomposity and intellectual arrogance, and treats Goethe's writings with a natural freshness he would have approved of himself.

As a young man of twenty-two, Goethe wrote to a friend:

> The great spirit is chiefly distinguished from the petty in that its work is independent, that without regard to what others have done it seems to coexist with its purpose from time immemorial, while the petty mind at once manifests its poverty . . . by badly applied imitation.

From his bold youthful "Götz" (that "folk play," as Frederick of Prussia termed it with distaste) to the astoundingly modern psychological novel "Elective Affinities" and the miraculous serenity of the aged man's "West-Eastern Divan," Goethe remained true to this independence. He remained a student up to his last breath. He called himself an "eternal *Liebhaber*," an amateur.

This is one of the reasons why the present study so engrosses its reader on almost every page. The record of Goethe's creative accomplishments—these "fragments of a single large confession"—make a dramatic story indeed, replete with unexpected turns and lit up by moments of deep emotion. Dr. Viëtor's study should whet the appetite of prospective readers of the ten-volume edition of Goethe's works promised by the University of Chicago Press.

Belles-Lettres Notes

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY: 2, edited by Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge University Press. $3.75. This volume is the second of the annual surveys of Shakespearean studies and productions. It contains not only what its title promises, a listing of what has been published and produced in 1948; it also prints new articles for the first time. More than half a dozen of these are concerned with various phases of Shakespearean investigation, studies of his background, technique, and use of imagery. Professor Elizabeth M. Pope's article on the Renaissance background of "Measure for Measure" is especially fine. It sets forth the ideological context which enables us to see the play as an expression of the religious belief of its own day. Other new articles in the survey are devoted to the past and present theatrical productions of the plays. The gap is thus bridged between the library and the stage, and scholarly investigation is encouraged to change from an arid antiquarian game to a means toward a better understanding and projection of Shakespeare. As added value, there are excellent illustrations, most of them stage settings.

GERTRUDE STEIN:FORM AND INTELLIGIBILITY, by Rosalind S. Miller. Exposition Press. $3.50. Gertrude Stein was a legend while alive; and, paradoxically, now that the vitality of her personality no longer invigorates her writings, they must be seen for their own qualities. Mrs. Miller's book is actually a long sketchy essay whose broad scope makes inevitable its fairly light treatment. In discussing the forces which influenced the writer, Mrs. Miller discounts the

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emphasis given to Miss Stein's investigation of automatic writing and emphasizes instead her debt to William James, her teacher at Radcliffe, and to the French symbolist painters and poets. Miss Stein is also treated, in this study, as a writer of criticism, novels, plays, and (cubistic word) portraits, and finally as a manifestation of the twentieth-century sensibility.

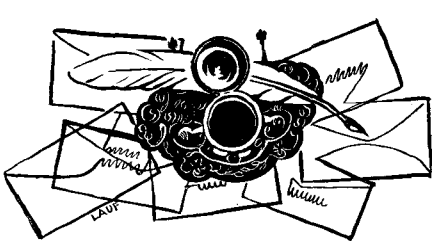
"I am I because my little dog knows me," wrote Miss Stein. It might be illuminating to compare this with its parallel, "*Cogito, ergo sum.*"

The second section of the book is a curiosity, the composition themes that Miss Stein wrote when she was a college student. They are her earliest surviving writings, and though much is banally collegiate there are flashes of her later style and thought patterns. Mrs. Miller's attitude toward her subject's writing is quite sensible; she considers that its three ingredients are great writing which is highly expressive and universal, humor which is tongue-in-cheek, and personal "private literature" which is annoying. Such a comfortable appreciation—and tolerance—cuts across the extremes of the idolators and the scoffers. It is a good attitude to start with.

—Robert Halsband.

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT 1947-1948, *edited by Edward Lazare. R. R. Bowker Co.* $12.50. This fifty-fourth annual volume in a series which is the Scriptures of bibliophily lists the prices brought by 16,365 lots of literary property in 115 sales conducted by eight auction houses—five in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in New Orleans, and one in San Francisco. Mr. Lazare, long the competent assembler and interpreter of this formidable mass of data, records that the season here covered was strong in Americana, both quantitatively and qualitatively. A good deal of the quality was dispersed at the Auerbach sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, when 1,525 lots, most of them Utah items, brought $58,950. The highest individual price, $3,400, was for "Mormon Way Bill to the Gold Mines," containing "Important Information to Emigrants," assembled by Joseph Cain and Arieh C. Brower, and printed, not beautifully, by W. Richards at "G.S.L. City, Deseret" in 1851.

—John T. Winterich.



Fiction. *The fiction reviewed this week is divided between English and American writers who have stories to tell remarkably free of morbid psychology. Angela Thirkell has entertained American readers for so many years that her fifteenth novel of family life in a Barsetshire cathedral town needs no introduction. In "The Old Bank House" she is as refreshing and witty as ever, with an occasional derisive glance at the uncomfortable spectre of Socialism. Another English novel, "Secret Valley," by John Cousins, reveals the contemporary scene in Greece, using a technique borrowed from Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Ross Santee's "The Bubbling Spring" is as American as Mark Twain, one of those rare stories of pioneer life written for the delight of boy or man. The first novel of Edward Lyons, "Cities of the Deep," reveals a talent for dramatic writing in his romantic story of a Southern boy who walked to New York in rags fifty years ago and left it with* $40,000,000.

Comedy of Provincial Manners

THE OLD BANK HOUSE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 345 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard McLaughlin

AN APOLOGY is somewhat in order to readers who have read any or all of Miss Thirkell's fourteen previous novels on the worthy citizenry of Barsetshire. This reviewer must herewith confess that this novel, the fifteenth to give Thirkell readers perennial joy, is his initial introduction to those remote English provinces of herbacious borders and rectory teas. Awareness that many of the characters in these novels are descendants of families that first appeared in Trollope's "Chronicles of Barsetshire"—"The Warden," "Barchester Towers," etc.,—hardly gives one that comfortable ascendancy over that reader who has devotedly followed the gentle curve of Miss Thirkell's charm and crackling wit these past fifteen years. Coming upon these great-great-grandsons, great-nephews, and great-neices of Archdeacon Grantly, the Rev. Mr. Crawley or the Thornes, for the first time, only convinces this reviewer that his friends were wrong, and that he was most unwise to follow their opinion, since they put him off Angela Thirkell's books more than a decade ago.

Comparing Thirkell to Trollope would be absurd but for the expertness with which Miss Thirkell has taken over the Barsetshire territory and the traditional emphasis she also puts on the complicated family relationships and less complicated class distinctions between members of county, clergy, and gentlemen-farmer backgrounds. Besides, she is a much more hard-headed realist and expert on human nature than Trollope ever was. Her portraitures are sharpened by a completely unsentimental approach. Of course, it is unfortunate that one is made to feel sometimes as though one has barged in on a strictly private family gathering where the different activities and idiosyncrasies of a slew of uncles, aunts, cousins, in-laws, and domestics can never possibly be straightened out, to one's satisfaction, on a mere introductory reading.

As it is, this present volume, in what we might call her "Cathedral Stories" series, shows to the newcomer many of the peculiar pleasures to be extracted from reading about comparatively oriented lives at a time when the rest of the world is in a hopeless state of flux. Miss Thirkell's only real indication that she cares what is going on beyond her privet hedge-rows is revealed mainly by taking it out on the British Labor Government. This is mainly accomplished through her characters' petulant jibes or her own irritable asides, both of which could be happily dispensed with.

But Barchester's face is gradually changing; some think it is for the worse, while others are resourceful enough to try to make the best of it. What with the war and the increasing discomforts and oppressions of peace under Clement Attlee's Government, even Miss Thirkell recognizes, if grudgingly, the need for those proud owners of Barsetshire's overtaxed estates and family seats to meet progress at least half way. Take the Grantly family of Edgewood Rectory —whom Thirkell fans will know more about from earlier volumes than this

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reader—and their friends and neighbors, the Deans, the Marlings, the Pomfrets; they, too, in their own leisurely fashion, sense that dread interloper change stealthily creeping along their prim garden walls. Life can no longer be merely a round of teas and church bazaars. In addition to the usual number of engagements, marriages, deaths, and school graduations, there are the problems of employment facing Tom Grantly, ex-soldier down from Oxford; readjustment to a future in London confronting his sister, Eleanor; or the full-time job for their parents, who confess genuine bewilderment when it comes to understanding many of the new-fangled notions of their adolescent offspring, Grace and Henry, or their serving maids' illegitimate brood of kids.

And although Tom learns market gardening and becomes engaged to a lady farmer from a county family, and Eleanor accepts her eligible London barrister's marriage proposal, it is the Old Bank House which looms over this ordered, tranquil scene throughout. The Old Bank House is now in the hands of a new owner, big, lumbering, good-hearted Sam Adams, flourishing ironmonger and local M.P., of whom the Rector is moved to say that if Barsetshire has to have new rich, then let it be a man like Sam Adams. Old Miss Sowerby, its former aristocratic owner, glad to see her house fall into such capable hands, nevertheless reminds Adams that what the house really needs "is a mistress." It is on these three words that the rest of Miss Thirkell's slight plot hangs. Does Sam Adams find a mistress for the Old Bank House or not? Naturally being a past-craftsman of light romance Miss Thirkell can hardly disappoint her readers. But the happy outcome of her tale is secondary to the crisp, often quaint amusement one derives from discovering how deftly Angela Thirkell makes the most unexciting incident appear important. The actual cleaning of a well and some inquiry about fertilizers provide the major scenes in this genial comedy of provincial manners.

Call of the Wild West

THE BUBBLING SPRING. By Ross Santee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 300 pp. $3.75.

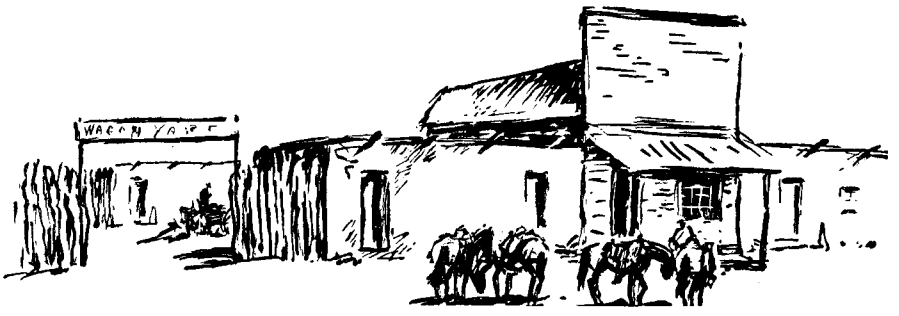
By DALE L. MORGAN

EVERY novel is an autobiography, more or less, and when written by Ross Santee, rather more than less. No mechanics of plot, no invented story, can obscure the way Mr. Santee and his books belong to each other, and since to his own special kind of autobiography he brings understanding and zest and liking for the people and country he writes about, all set down with restraint, directness, and a fine simplicity, his books have an appeal all their own.

We may insist on the autobiographical character of his newest book even though Mr. Santee did not live on the Plains in the great days after the Civil War, never wintered with the Piegans while they still had their fierce pride, never saw the trail herds come up from Texas to the railroads of Kansas. Although these years in the life of the Republic lie back across a historical divide, Mr. Santee understands how closely akin were the men of that time to the men he has known in his years as a horse wrangler and cow poke; he writes about them with a contemporary feeling and familiarity so that we may know them too.

Mr. Santee's "The Bubbling Spring" is the tale of a boy who after the Civil War lived in an Illinois village with the spirited widow who was his mother. His unremembered father had fought in blue; his mother's brother had fought in gray, but both had known that the war was over when it ended, and did not embitter the rest of their lives with the emotions the conflict engendered. Mr. Santee's picture of the boy Rusty's life with his mother is fine and moving.

On the death of Rusty's mother, his exciting uncle comes for him and takes him West, goal of small boys' dreams then as now. Uncle Nate could see and explain the two sides of everything, so that through his eyes life took on its true complexity; he could make Rusty understand, for example,



—*Illustrations from "The Bubbling Spring."*

that when Assiniboines and Piegans met in battle there must be anger and shock and mourning in the lodges of both tribes after the fighting men came home, no one having a monopoly on virtue, courage, or sorrow. Uncle Nate could also teach Rusty the uses of rifle and pistol, the intricacies of poker and hand-talk and trail-sign—and, most important of all, prepare him to strike out for himself when he knew what he wanted to do with himself.

That time comes just before Rusty's fifteenth birthday, when for the first time he sees a trail herd, cowboys and longhorns strung out for a mile with the sun on their horns. Separating from his uncle, Rusty goes South with the trail crew, serves his apprenticeship as a cow puncher in the mesquite country of West Texas, learns the art of "popping brush," how to use a short rope on the *ladinos*, and how it may be between a girl and a boy. There are four more years of wandering in the Southwest, an interlude of search after the Pretty John, who shot his uncle in the back, and finally what every man seeks but not every man is fortunate enough to find, a place—for Rusty, a bubbling spring high up in the Arizona mountains —where he belongs.

The book is illustrated with numerous drawings by the author. I am not always well impressed by Mr. Santee's drawings, which on occasion strike me as little more than decorations, the doodling of a serious artist. But sometimes he conveys wonderfully the sense of sun and vast space, and the unique character of range cattle, horses, and the men who work them both. Many of the drawings in this book belong with Mr. Santee's best work.

Although this book, as I have been at pains to say, can be read with an adult pleasure, perhaps above all it is meant for boys. Here, on something other than the Zane Grey level, is the Old West. Here is how it all was, and here is how any boy would want to have lived if the life had been his for the living. My own copy of the book is going forthwith to a twelve-year-old boy I know, and I would say to anyone into whose hands a copy of this book falls, go thou and do likewise.

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The Bell Tolls in Greece

SECRET VALLEYS. By John Cousins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 277 pp. $3.

By Siegfried Mandel

JOHN COUSINS, an English writer, has written a novel which not only invites but insists upon a comparison with Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." An attempt to do for modern Greece what Hemingway has done for Civil-War Spain is a commendable venture, but if a literary model must be used, it might be best to choose one that can be more easily improved upon or duplicated. The Hemingway style is such a deceptively simple one that, in less practised hands, description and dialogue can become flat and banal. That is what very often happens in "Secret Valleys."

During World War II, while on a bombing mission to the Cretan aerodrome at Herakleion, a British flying crew is forced off its track by an enemy fighter. Compelled to fly over snow-lined mountains it picks up SOS Morse signals sent by guerrillas for "dinamit, grenads, and shoos." On the basis of this and other information, Angus, Henri, and Tom are assigned to fly arms and material to Greek guerrillas on Crete who were making a stand against the Germans. After their mission the fliers promise themselves to return following the war to find out what had happened to the unknown guerrillas they had befriended.

The three men return five years later and what they find in the city of Herakleion is characteristic of all Greece—a people battered by war and peace, police and guerrillas. True, the Germans had been defeated, but now their reign of terror was continued by home-grown tyrants with a network of informers and a brutal police force.

Up to this point Mr. Cousins has been original, and has drawn some interesting minor figures; now, however, his characters and some of the plot parallel the Hemingway novel. There is Akhilles (Pablo), the self-destroying, frustrated guerilla leader; Mother Vlachos (Pilar), a virile, bawdy old woman; Angus (Robert), the sympathetic stranger; and Persephone

John Cousins—"dinamit, grenads, and shoos."

(Maria), a shy, orphaned girl. Mr. Cousins's characters have vivid coloring but little life, perhaps because there is not much room in this short novel for them to become full-bodied and significant.

The three British fliers make a dangerous excursion into hostile hills and become guests of Akhilles, now regarded as a brigand and outlaw. Finally the police in full strength hunt Akhilles to death in an unequal, tense struggle. When the dying Akhilles tells Angus where he has hidden the arms and ammunition which the fliers had dropped during the war, he gives Angus the responsibility for its disposal.

A moral dilemma arises when Angus faces the police chief and is asked to turn over the arms hidden in the mountains. Angus, acquainted with the inhuman practices of the police, has decided to give the arms to the other guerrillas. But, when the police chief shows Angus pictures of guerrilla atrocities to excuse his own, Angus decides to give the arms to neither side. He never has been quite certain of the justice of the guerrilla position anyhow, having sided with Akhilles out of human sympathy and, incidentally, having fallen in love with his daughter Persephone.

Like the old Greek Stoics who valued serenity above any conflict, the author places Angus into a realm of imperturbability where he does not have to join any of the contending forces. Unlike Hemingway's hero, Robert, who died for a cause in Spain, Angus finds no cause worth being killed for in Greece.

As a story of adventure with three British fliers, "Secret Valleys" is often exciting, but as a treatment of the contemporary Greek scene it lacks the perspective which an important novel must possess.

Duration

By Fern Maddox

I LOVED you once . . .
Space meant nothing!
But I did not
Reckon with time.

Three Dreams of Love

THE LITTLE VOYAGE. By Letitia Preston Osborne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 254 pp. $2.75.

By Pamela Taylor

AROUND a novelist's search for local color, a young girl's dream of a devastating love, and young man's patient devotion, Miss Osborne has written an amusing, light-hearted romance.

Stephen Brent was a novelist whose books the public bought and the critics praised. There were plenty of easy conquests on his trip through Honduras, where he intended to pick up background material for a new novel, and possibly see one of the great fall hurricanes which would furnish him with a title—"The Blowdown." But handsome though he was, and, with a charm perfected by long practice, irresistible to most women, he had had one definite rebuff on his trip. (She was a novelist too, most inexplicably faithful to her invalid husband.) This failure, added to various depressing signs of middle-age, had thrown him into a mood of discouragement.

How comforting, how agreeable, then, to encounter Nancy Leslie, twenty-two, lovely to look at, so eager to admire and impressed to be noticed by the sophisticated and famous man. For eight years she had lived with her sister and brother-in-law, overseer of a remote banana plantation, and now she was restless, dreaming of a great passion. Not for her a comfortable, undemanding marriage like her sister's. Mark Glennon, the handsome, steady young timekeeper on the plantation, whose many advantages her sister, Helen Ames, was constantly reciting, adored her. But he was too obvious, too sure, too near at hand.

Miss Osborne works out her romantic triangle to an entirely satisfactory solution, but her secondary cast, provided to throw into contrast the agreeable, amusing, and youthfully good-to-look-at Ames menage, often threatens to steal the stage. The native Hondurans who form the kitchen end of the Ames household, on the one hand, and on the other the American businessmen and planters, and particularly their wives and children, are amusingly drawn, the former with affection, the latter with a somewhat wry distaste. Vincente, the yardero, languorous and passionate, so absorbed in the trees and garden, which are his domain, and the American wives, transplanted from Main Street with every prejudice and

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marcel in place and bitterly resisting the tropical way of life in which they have been set down, are alive, persuasive, and nicely balanced.

The exotic Honduran background, the flowers, trees, animals, and a sufficient but never tiresome amount of banana plantation lore fill in a vivid background for the central love story.

Heads in Perspective

A NIGHT AT THE AIRPORT. By Mark Aldanov. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 224 pp. $3.75.

By Hollis Alpert

MARK ALDANOV leans heavily on recent historical events for the subject matter of some of the stories in this collection. Public figures mingle with private individuals, and he focuses his stories on those moments when the paths of the lowly briefly cross those whose acts have altered maps and with them the lives of millions. He does not hesitate to probe the minds of Stalin or Churchill, and would seem to be as much at home with them as he is with the daily problems of Ivan Vasilievitch of Yalta. Thus, in these seven stories events which have loomed large, at least in headlines, are seen in intimate perspective. Because the known facts are adhered to there is always a groundwork of reality to what the author tells, and very often there is large understanding in his clever interweaving of the imagined and the actual.

He has been most successful, with stories of this type, in "Number Fourteen," which describes the last days of Mussolini and Clara Petacci, his last, unfortunate mistress. The outcome is of course certain from the opening paragraph, but this does not hinder the gaining of suspense, nor does it detract from the remorseless irony inherent in the way the victims and their executioners illustrate their rather dark page of history. It is the imagined details which do most to give a surprising ring of authenticity to this re-creation. The Duce borrows a German helmet which comes down too far on his forehead, worries about his ulcers. Clara orders milk for his condition the morning they are to die. The Partisan colonel, inflated by his mission, achieves nothing from it but a sense of his own stupidity. Even his gun jams at the fateful moment.

But in "The Astrologer," which also has to do with the final outcome of a dictator's life, the effect is more

(*Continued on page 27*)

Nature. *Several of the books reviewed here point up a noteworthy fact about the latter-day vicissitudes of literature. History, biography, criticism, and nature were once considered provinces of the literary artist and works dealing with them were often truly belles-lettres. Then half a century ago it became fashionable for writers to embrace "the scientific method." The ravages this wrought upon literary style and form are still apparent in far too much contemporary writing—even, alas, on writing about literature itself. Happily, one field has escaped relatively unscathed. Ludlow Griscom in "Birds of Concord" and William Beebe in "High Jungle" (both reviewed this week), and F. Spencer Chapman in "The Jungle Is Neutral" (to be reviewed in an early issue) demonstrate anew that nature writers have found it not impossible to combine scruplous accuracy with a distinguished and interesting literary style.*

History in a Bundle of Feathers

BIRDS OF CONCORD. By Ludlow Griscom. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 340 pp. $5.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

TWENTY-SIX years ago the author of the present "Birds of Concord" published his "Birds of the New York City Region." The difference between the two studies shows the transformation that ornithology has undergone in the interval. In 1923 field and laboratory ornithologists alike were chiefly preoccupied with *what* rather than *why*. The earlier volume was an annotated catalogue of the birds of the region, giving the status of each species and the historical records. The present volume represents the application of reasoning to the raw material of fact stored up by earlier generations. "The ornithological data available for the Concord area," Mr. Griscom points out, "cover a span of over a century, and constitute the greatest continuous quantity record in the United States. . . . Much more interesting and worth while are the reasons or causes why these facts are true."

See, now, what happens when the ornithologist looks behind his facts! For one thing, parochialism disappears. The birds become a function of geographical space, and the Concord area must consequently be broadened to include South America. You can note the fact of a catastrophic decline in the local numbers of a species without looking beyond the township; but to find the cause you may have to extend your vision to the Gulf of Mexico, where a hurricane, perhaps, coincided with the peak of its transoceanic migration. The influx of Italian peasants into Argentina in the nineteenth century probably had an unfavorable impact on the Concord population of upland plovers, which wintered on the pampas and were shot for food.

Thus reason applied to research describes the earth and its history in a bundle of feathers; a hemisphere becomes tributary to a valley; the Concord River is drained and replenished by the Amazon. The illustrations I have given above are not at all fanciful, although perhaps too speculative for inclusion in an essentially scientific work such as that under review. Mr. Griscom does emphasize our own American history. Human occupation from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers has resulted in the virtually total destruction of the natural environments to which the bird-life of Southern New England was adapted, and the substitution of a variety of more or less artificial environments. While he is dispassionate about the changes thus brought about, pointing out the ensuing benefits along with the losses, he repeatedly refers to the "wrecked" habitats, an adjective that sticks in one's mind and makes a cumulative impression. One of his findings is that this "long-settled and disturbed area in Eastern Massachusetts is beginning to show a trend towards the situation in England at the end of ten centuries of civilization. There, amazing densities of birds (averaging thirty to the acre) are found in orchards, gardens, and estates, while two-thirds of the British Isles average 0.70 to two per acre."

I know of no better introduction to modern bird study than this account of the Concord birds, which puts geology, meteorology, physiology, and American history on the witness-stand to explain them.

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Farmer-Islander's Year Down East

COAST CALENDAR. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Unpaged. $3.75.

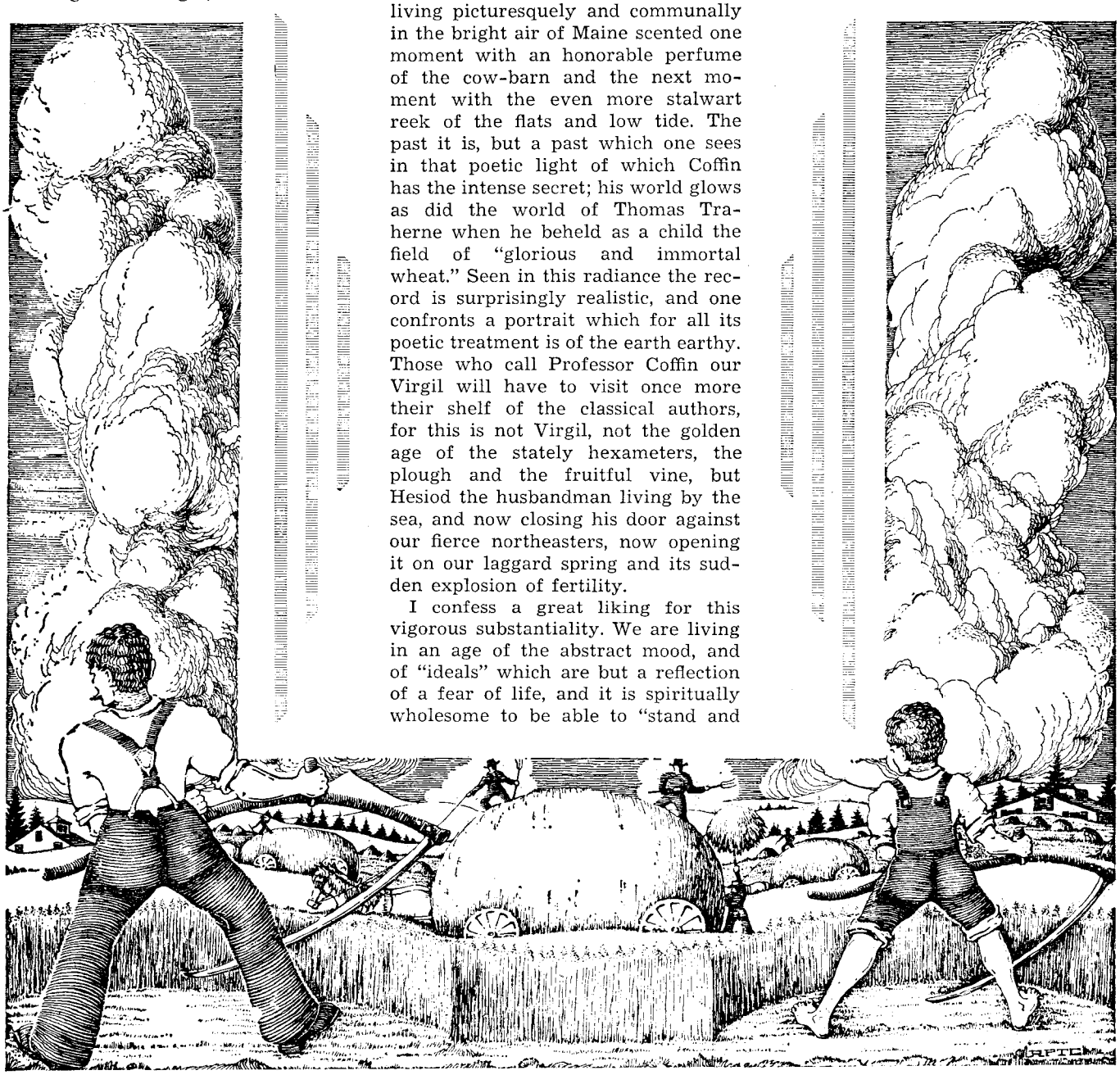
By Henry Beston

THERE are two kinds of islands Down East, the high, far-off, outer islands to which one looks across blue miles of our Arctic Sea, and the inner and nearer islands, which are sometimes little more than areas of the coast separated by tidal gullies from the adjacent main. The outer islands have been losing their people for a generation though a rugged few still boldly hold their own, especially those possessed of good harbors and close-to-good lobstering; elsewhere the white houses stand uninhabited on their granite ledges, and the loose Victorian blinds bang and fall off in the roaring winter gales. The nearer islands tell quite another story. During the same lapse of years the mainland has reached out and gathered in those conveniently placed, building little bridges over the creeks and stone-girdled causeways across the flats. It is this second country which Mr. Coffin has made particularly his own, celebrating the salt-water farms of his salty boyhood with their sprouting corn and spouting clams, together with the seasonal life of the rugged sea-yeomanry who inhabited these fertile acres of rock and sunshine.

What he has given us is again that regional past which so haunts his poetic memory. Once again it is the world of boys and a family of boys living picturesquely and communally in the bright air of Maine scented one moment with an honorable perfume of the cow-barn and the next moment with the even more stalwart reek of the flats and low tide. The past it is, but a past which one sees in that poetic light of which Coffin has the intense secret; his world glows as did the world of Thomas Traherne when he beheld as a child the field of "glorious and immortal wheat." Seen in this radiance the record is surprisingly realistic, and one confronts a portrait which for all its poetic treatment is of the earth earthy. Those who call Professor Coffin our Virgil will have to visit once more their shelf of the classical authors, for this is not Virgil, not the golden age of the stately hexameters, the plough and the fruitful vine, but Hesiod the husbandman living by the sea, and now closing his door against our fierce northeasters, now opening it on our laggard spring and its sudden explosion of fertility.

I confess a great liking for this vigorous substantiality. We are living in an age of the abstract mood, and of "ideals" which are but a reflection of a fear of life, and it is spiritually wholesome to be able to "stand and stare" before a "rugged" and vital picture of one phase of existence.

In this mood the author follows through his nostalgic year of the coast, season by season, zodiacal sign by sign, giving his twelve chapters the names of the months. He misses no small and picturesque detail, forgets no item of the farmer-islander's year. Look for no trumpets of resounding prose; he sets down his facts and observations in short sentences which are like the drop of brightly colored paint on the tip of an impressionist's brush. For all their wealth of detail, the months are not over-long, the author being far too distinguished an artist to commit this common fault. The cumulative effect is very telling, and the result is a book to enjoy and remember. Not the least of its virtues are a handsome format, and pleasant illustrations drawn by the author.



—Drawing by the author, from the book.

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Nature in the Northwest & Venezuela

HIGH JUNGLE. By William Beebe. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 379 pp. $4.50.

CHALLENGE OF THE WILD. By Kenneth Gilbert. Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 240 pp. $3.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

WILLIAM BEEBE is not just a personality; he is an institution, not only of national but of worldwide renown. Few readers outside the world of natural science remember the day almost fifty years ago when a book entitled "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico" appeared. Still fewer realize that this marked the beginning of a new era in animal literature, and instituted an entirely new trend in natural history. The era is that of the great American naturalists; the trend was modern and delighted the average man, and has had a most profound effect upon our whole culture. William Beebe initiated it simply by making nature interesting.

His new book, "High Jungle," despite its rather mundane title is highly imaginative. This is not to say that it is founded on fancy, but rather on imagery, for throughout its pages practically nothing objective happens. This is the more remarkable in that the author is first and foremost a reporter. A reporter is usually seen dashing to the scene of the crime: Dr. Beebe spent most of his time in his sixteen acres of Venezuelan mountain forest comfortably ensconced in a deck chair, at one period with a leg in a plaster cast, and armed with a battery of magnifying lenses and a notebook. In the latter he jotted down the revealing details of seemingly endless crimes, *passionelles* and otherwise, the intimacies of love-nests, accidents, sickness, pathos, and death, and an array of happy little animal-interest stories.

"High Jungle" is easy reading for anybody, but takes a long time for a naturalist to absorb. One ploughs through it not, indeed, without pleasure, but, it must be admitted, with some bewilderment. It is packed with fascinating facts and observations, but the overall effect is not unlike television at its contemporary stage of development. One never quite knows where the "camera"—in this case the eagerly observing Dr. Beebe—is situated. Further, his strange use of the regal "we," for all its old-world charm, often leaves one with the impression that there were two, three, or more cameras at work at the same time. The image flashes back and forth in space and time and is usually shorn of its setting.

The factual discoveries and revelations of nature made by Beebe and his enthusiastic assistants in the Venezuelan jungles are so legionary as to defy review or even mention in this brief compass. They are strongly recommended as inducement, if any be required, to buy and read the book. But these are not the author's only charms; he has a profound philosophy and a delightfully acid opinion of certain hackneyed attitudes, like the belief that bird-watching is the acme of science and all the arts. This is the better for the fact that he himself spends a great part of his own time watching birds. However, it will forever remain a mystery how anyone can so persistently verge on the whimsy and pontifical, and yet wholly avoid being frankly banal. Doubtless it is the endless magic of nature itself and William Beebe's unique genius for interpreting it that brings about this happy combination.

"High Jungle" will be *felt* rather than read. This is the proper way to appreciate Beebe and the jungle.

* * *

AS ENTERTAINMENT "Challenge of the Wild" is to be highly recommended and as natural history it is by no means to be deplored. It is packed with most interesting facts, most of which are probably first-hand observations. But there is something wrong with the book, a negative rather than a positive wrong, which does not materially detract from the work as a whole. After extensive analysis the reviewer has been forced to the conclusion that the publishers, rather than the author, are to blame for the fault he finds because of a jacket blurb which singles out for major emphasis a facet of the delightful series of stories which should have been played down instead of being thrown into relief. This is a character named Jeff Croy, ostensibly a woodsman who failed as a businessman, and, having failed, returned to being a woodsman. By so doing, the blurb contends, he found Truth, the Almighty, and himself.

Mr. Gilbert himself is at fault in dragging this unsubstantial alter ego into his delightful book at all. Jeff Croy, if he ever existed, which we seriously doubt, is not only ephemeral, but also a prig. His knowledge of the ways of North American mammals is often at variance with the expressed observations of others; his woodcraft —whatever that is—shows lamentable shortcomings, and his very presence, in most cases, seems unnecessary. We may well be wrong but we wonder why Mr. Gilbert didn't just come right out and tell the tales in the first person or simply say that this, that, or the other person he once met told him the following.

The following would be about half of the fourteen stories of the lives of wild animals of our Pacific Northwest which make up the book. They are good stories, and almost all rather gripping in parts. The author has spent a lot of time in the country he describes and is fully capable himself of doing anything that the evanescent Mr. Croy is almost deified for accomplishing. However, there is a puzzling thread of unreality which comes to the fore every time man meets beast.

The flood of recent books about our larger native fauna may well be quite wrong and the result of a mere fad, but they have certainly done a profound job of debunking. According to them wolves do not hunt in packs or kill men, cougars are timid and have seldom if ever been known to molest man, grizzlies bolt with their nonexistent tails between their legs. Perhaps, therefore, it should be invigorating to read once again about their attacking our miserable species. It certainly lends an atmosphere of healthy wildness to Nature and might even engender some humility in our own species. This "Challenge of the Wild" is none the less somewhat puzzling.

Ivan Sanderson edited the anthology "Animal Tales."

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When Liberty Departs

EDITH HAMILTON

—*H. Vogel.*

"Titus Quinctius Flaminius Proclaiming 'Liberty' to the Greeks."

"THE only sound basis for a nation's prosperity is a religious regard for the rights of others." These words of Isocrates might well stand on the title page of "The Power in the People."* They are a summary of Felix Morley's political creed.

This is a remarkable book, nobly written and profoundly thought out. It is also, at least to this reviewer, *sui generis*, an account of the founding and development and significance of the American Republic which is unique as far as my acquaintance with the literature on the subject goes. There is a fire in it which no survey of the past as the past could kindle. "The Power in the People" is a Tract for the Times, concerned with what is of paramount importance for us today, at this precise moment in our history.

We have reached a crossroads, Mr. Morley says. One way lies the continuance and ever greater development of what the men who created the Republic believed in and hoped for: "the capacity of mankind for self-government." The other way is well-trodden; it was described by Plato two thousand three hundred years ago, the rule of the unrestricted majority which inevitably passes into the rule of the one. The end of this road is so clearly demonstrated by history that mankind's insistence on choosing it has driven many a historian to deny men's power to choose. There is a cycle, they say, which we do not move but which moves us. We are what Kim's old lama called "bound to the wheel of things," helpless to affect its course.

A Greek historian, Polybius, who lived long in Rome during the third century B.C., put Plato's ideas into specific details. The motive, the force, which keeps the cycle revolving is greed, that strange passion in men for power and possession which no power and no possession satisfy. Primitive despots start the wheel rolling. They grasp at more and more power until inevitably they arouse opposition and a few men, strong because united, seize the rule for themselves. But they too are greedy. They strip everyone else until they are opposed in their turn. The people revolt and democracy succeeds to oligarchy. But what caused the ruin of the other two is no less operative here: the people, also, are corrupted by greed until they yield easily to a strong man who makes them fair promises, and the despot is back again. Mr. Morley quotes Plato:

> The people always have some champion whom they set over them and nurse into greatness. . . . This is the root from which a tyrant springs. At first he is full of smiles and salutes everyone he meets—he to be called a tyrant who is making promises; distributing land to the people, and wanting to be so good and kind to everyone!

The rule of the one, of the few, of the many, each is destroyed in turn because there is in them all an unvarying evil, the lust for power.

There ends one of the two roads Mr. Morley sees us facing. The other is a continuation of the way opened for us by the men who drew up the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It was an untrodden road they started us on. The American Republic was a new thing in the world. Mr. Morley calls it "the only political experiment ever consciously directed to secure the blessings of liberty for the people as a whole." "The old world," he says, "had tried out very thoroughly what could be done for man by governing him. Now there was to be a new experiment: what man could do by governing himself." For the first time in history a group of men had the opportunity to do in actual fact what all the makers of utopias in the past from Plato down had only dreamed of doing: the Americans made their utopia a reality.

Mr. Morley's picture of how they did it is thrilling. He paints in vivid words the fresh and free and high spirit of those who conceived the great enterprise, in Madison's words, "to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government"; in Washington's words, "to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." That lofty faith in the people, in individual, ordinary men, was the basis of the new Republic. The founders drew up a form of government which, in Mr. Morley's phrase, "was tailored to individualism."

THE necessity for so doing was clear to them. They were establishing a government for a free people. The great problem they faced was to create a state, by definition a restraint upon men's freedom to do as they pleased, in which there would be ample scope for the spirit of liberty, strong in the land, the cause of the revolt against Great Britain. They had to devise means to insure a balance between the two, between liberty and order, society and the state. The new state they were creating must regulate and give permanence to the already existing American society, but they were determined that it should not conform to the European pattern, where the state regimented society. That pattern had slowly evolved, the result of perpetual conflicts between king and people, church and state, this class and that, a wavering line of advance, now going forward, now retreating, with many a shabby compromise by the way.

In sharp distinction, our government was a conscious, deliberate creation, and therefore, Mr. Morley says, "because its origin was not haphazard, it was possible in this Republic to establish a boundary line between the new American State and the

*THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE. By Felix Morley. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 293 pp. $3.50.

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already existing American Society."

In this enterprise the founders were animated by a confidence in the individual and a distrust of the state. "Our most notable contribution as a state," Mr. Morley says, "has been the intentional and determined limitation of the power of political authority." The system of checks provided by the Constitution to make final authority anywhere impossible was the result. Mr. Morley quotes Huntington Cairns: "Theoretically, the concept of sovereignty cannot apply to the United States, since nowhere in its structure is it possible to locate legally supreme and unlimited power." "We put the power in the people," Penn said. Self-government means self-control and self-direction; it makes definite demands upon the individual. The new Republic demanded from citizens a sense of personal responsibility for the good conduct of the State. Hostility to State regimentation was written into the Constitution; then, obviously to the authors of it, the less the control of the State, the greater the need for men's self-control. It was the responsibility of every American to do his share in bringing permanence and stability to the Government, while making sure, in one of Mr. Morley's admirable phrases, "that the unity of the Republic did not degenerate into the uniformity of dictatorship."

With the creation of our Government the individual average man emerged as important. The blessings of liberty, which the Constitution was designed to secure, stem always from the individual. "Liberty," Mr. Morley says, "must be developed from within. It cannot be doled out by governments. . . . A government can safeguard it or destroy it; it cannot create it. . . . Only one form of government can nurture it: personal self-government." Liberty can function only if men have the most individualistic conception, "a religious regard for the rights of others." Our Constitution, dedicated to liberty, had of necessity to assume, in Mr. Morley's words, "a moral code of honorable individual conduct," without which there could be no liberty, only license.

St. Paul said, Mr. Morley reminds us, "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." It is a profound saying. Only there can liberty live. When that spirit is lost, liberty too departs. The men who wrote our Constitution were fully aware of the danger. Their concern, Mr. Morley declares, was "less with the machinery of government than with the operators," the American people, because the republic they were planning demanded a higher level in the citizens than autocratic governments required. In making this point Mr. Morley has the backing of ancient Greece. The foundation of the first democracy we know—deeper than liberty because essential to it—was what the Greeks called Excellence, Aristotle's "Excellence, much labored for by the race of men," the high and ever higher reach of the human spirit. The Athenian because of his liberty had to seek it and rise above men elsewhere who were not free. When Themistocles spoke to them just before Salamis, he told them that "in all things possible to man's nature and situation there is always a higher and a lower," and that Athenians must stand for the higher. That was required of them as men who had the priceless blessing of liberty. When that spiritual and essentially religious conception of Excellence was lost, liberty departed from Athens.

Self-government or tyranny—there is no stable resting point between the two, and men cannot govern themselves without the strength religion gives. Washington said: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." "Without faith in religion," Mr. Morley says, "men forget the meaning of self-government and surrender to the totalitarian state. Against such an outcome the American Republic stands as mankind's last substantial defense." Franklin said, "Man will ultimately be governed by God or by tyrants."

THE crossroads America is facing are by now clearly seen. We must take one or the other and the choice is being made today. Shall we follow in the direction marked out by the founders of our Republic, who believed in "the capacity of mankind for self-government," and who aimed at the development of society, not the aggrandizement of the State? Or shall we return to the old cycle and permit all social life to be subordinate to State control, take the road which has always and inexorably ended in the rule of the one?

We do not need to be told today how destructive and little inhibited morally the state can be. We do not have to go back to ancient history for our lesson, to Rome's surrender of liberty in return for fair promises of bread-and-circus shows for everyone. We can read enough in the pages of the present. If we take the road of State control there can be no excuse that we did so blindly and in ignorance of our destination.

Both roads are still open. The final choice has not been made. Mr. Morley has hopes, even great hopes, that we shall revert to the American way. "The roots of self-help are deep in American soil." We will not easily let the conviction go which has animated us as long as we have been in existence, that the State belongs to the people and shall always be controlled by them.

—*From "Watchwords of Liberty."*

"The flame of the Republic," he says, "is dim today, but an unexpected chance has been given us to rekindle it." John Stuart Mill declared that any accepted opinion would be held with little comprehension (and less enthusiasm) unless it was vigorously and earnestly contested. Once we took our Republic for granted. We were comfortably and complacently secure that all was well in God's own country. But now the basic principles of the Constitution are being challenged by the philosophy that the Government should plan and provide for all. Invariably in the past, Mr. Morley says, a maximum challenge has brought forth from the American people an adequate response. It may well be that we shall owe to the Kremlin a revival of faith in the primary article of the American creed, "the capacity of mankind for self-government."

"The Power in the People" gives a brilliant and an inspiring and penetrating account of the founding of our Republic which no American can read without a deep sense of pride. In these days of political and moral confusion all Americans should acquaint themselves with the principles which guided the Founding Fathers. Mr. Morley's book should be required reading in our colleges. Are we going to give away "our ancient wisdom and austere control"? Mr. Morley presents America at the crossroads facing a challenge—and an opportunity—as great as any nation has ever faced.

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The Mob in Wrong with Wright

GENIUS AND THE MOBOCRACY. By Frank Lloyd Wright. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 113 *pp.* $5.

By David Spitz

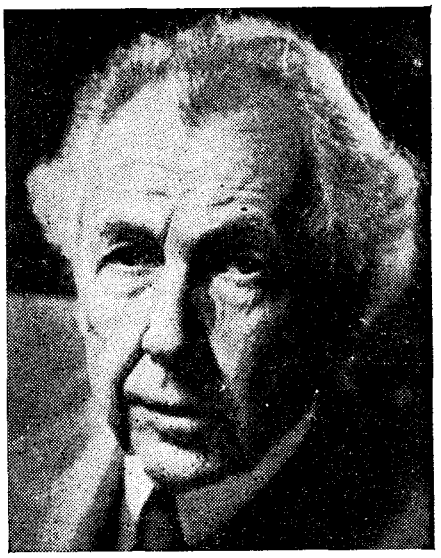
ARCHITECTURE and politics bear no necessary relation to each other, yet it is a curious fact that architects, when they discourse politically, form a community of aversion to "the mob." Just who or what this mob is, is rarely made clear; but that it exists, and that it is anathema to men of architectural distinction, are vigorously affirmed. Thus Ralph Adams Cram a generation ago denounced democracy for its reliance on the people, whom he held to be a Neolithic mass incapable of understanding genius and therefore antagonistic to it. And now Frank Lloyd Wright, in a book celebrating the talents of his master, Louis H. Sullivan, restates the thesis that "genius is a sin against the mob."

Mr. Wright, of course, has an axe of his own to grind. The man he most revered failed to receive that veneration from others. "The profession to which Sullivan belonged, unable to value him, neglected him"; and when he departed this earth it was in poverty and relative obscurity. For this shabby treatment of his idol, Mr. Wright is bitter. This book is his vengeance.

Now one may sympathize with Mr. Wright and deplore with him the lack of acclaim given to Sullivan in his own time. But if it was the profession that ignored Sullivan, why does Mr. Wright attack "the mob"? Why does he attribute to "the common herd" a high regard for insignificance? More important, is it true that genius eternally struggles against the mob, that "mobocracy" resents the achievements of superior beings and opposes progress? Both logic and history evidence a negative answer to this question.

The people do not resent genius; they seek and applaud it. The popular respect given a scientist like Einstein, a philosopher like John Dewey, a musician like Toscanini—not to speak of leaders in industry and the law, in the theatre and the arts—offers adequate testimony to this point. Mr. Wright himself can hardly complain at the immense popular esteem in which he is held.

Who then does oppose the genius? It is the near-genius, the man who lacks the spark of divine madness yet who is unwilling to surrender the position of preeminence into which



—*Valentino Sarra.*

Frank Lloyd Wright—"eminence in architecture is no guide to political competence."

fortune and the absence of real genius have thrust him. It is the men with a vested interest in the perpetuation of the present, the self-proclaimed "elite," who battle the innovations of the genius for fear of change and the altered status which change will bring upon them. It was not the mob which denounced the genius of Galileo; it was a religious "elite" trembling under a presumed threat to its intellectual leadership. It was not the mob which put Socrates to death; it was the "elite" of Athens, which feared the consequences of free inquiry. It was not the mob which rejected the architect Roark in Ayn Rand's novel "The Fountainhead"; it was the leading architectural critic of the day and the profession of architects that stood alongside him. And so it was with Wright and his master, Sullivan.

The "elite," to be sure, uses "the mob" to carry out its will. Through control of the press, the church, and (where it can) the state, the "elite" propagates its lies and disguises the truth. The "elite" whips up mass hysteria and leads the people astray. At any one moment "the mob" may swing into action, but throughout it is the "elite" which instigates and directs the opposition to new ideas.

Mr. Wright is a distinguished architect but he has given us an ill-conceived and immature political tract. If it serves no other purpose, this book should help to remind us that eminence in architecture, as in any other non-political field, is no guide to political competence.

David Spitz, a member of the political science department of The Ohio State University, is author of "Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought," published last spring by Macmillan.

Wild Swans in New England

By Martha Bacon

NEVER till now was this place made whole and lovely
As it is today with the wild swans drifting gravely
In the quiet sunlight over the quiet water.
It is scarcely summer. There is no wind to flutter
The perfect wing or the alpine bosom cleaving
The clear cold lake, their feet of coral striving
With knotted reeds, with lily stems unbudded.
They have changed the face of the waters. They leave them widowed;

And these are desolate, fire and earth and air,
The toad with his cancerous jewel, the infrequent deer.
They are haunted by chaliced feathers, by holy whiteness,
A throat arched like a temple. The dark-eyed sweetness
Of swans shall stay with the indigo berries, the thick bull-brier.
Their plumage rustles the rare grape and the laurel flower
With other spectres born in their cool wake's rippling
Of delicate ships with swan-prows deeply grappling
With a silver storm, with a sea of loud bronze clamoring,
Their shrouds like huge wings cupped, through the thunder glimmering,

And a golden captain clothed in sorrow and longing
His eyes blue-baltic, his heart like iron clanging
Against the stiff breast-bone with a bitter desire
Of grapes, of a still gold noon, of night like a prayer
Uttered both east and west, of the honey and crystal
Of the hidden flower of the wood, the bright, frail laurel.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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Regeneration for What?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following editorial was drawn from an address given by Norman Cousins at the recent Peace Day ceremonies held in Hiroshima. Following his talk, Mr. Cousins was called upon by the Mayor to join him in turning over the ground for the establishment of a new Peace Center on a site destroyed by the atomic bombing four years ago.*

BY CABLE, TOKYO.

FOUR years ago this city was a symbol of destruction. Today it is a symbol of hope. As we stand here high on this hilltop overlooking the city, with its seven winding rivers and its new bridges and streets and stores and homes, we know that the total picture before us is a monument to the faith of people in themselves.

This visitor came to Hiroshima expecting to see the end of the world. He found instead the beginning of a better one. He expected to find that Hiroshima, like many of the cities he saw in Germany last year, would be flattened out, its only heights those of rubble. True, there were few stone or concrete buildings in Hiroshima by contrast with such cities as Cologne, Aachen, or Berlin, but the wounds here went as deep or deeper than any city in any war had ever suffered. Yet what is most important about Hiroshima is not that the debris and the remains of the old city have been cleared away, and that a new city is in the process of being rebuilt. What is most important is what has happened inside people. I am not referring here to the lack of bitterness, for even if there were bitterness it is doubtful that history would completely withhold sanction. I refer to the proof and the power of personal regeneration, the rediscovery and reinforcement of personal purpose, the capacity for personal rededication.

Hope is a gift and hope is magic, but hope cannot exist, either in the individual or society, without the prospect of regeneration. And yet the power of regeneration and the access to regeneration are undervalued and insufficiently contemplated by modern man. Even in his religions we find that ultimate promise has often replaced or obscured the existence of immediate promise. The idea of regeneration in too many cases has been tied to the idea of immortality, depriving the idea of regeneration of its fullest power by identifying it as the principal means of achieving ends beyond life, rather than as an end in life itself, essential and attainable.

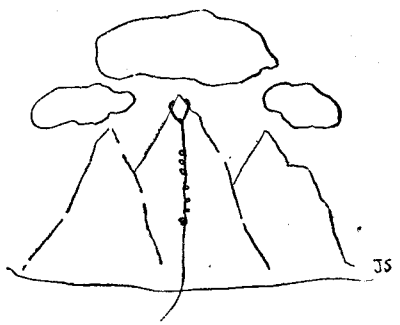
The sense of personal regeneration here in Hiroshima is discernible and unmistakable. We find here not only proof of the power of life over death but of the individual discovery of such physical, emotional, and spiritual resources as even philosophers have not dared to dream. This regeneration has soared far beyond personal rehabilitation to a restoration of vital faith in human destiny. There is in the making here a larger definition of the purposes of man than it seemed within our ken to imagine only a few years ago. In the days following the bombing many people here must have believed that they were witnesses to the death both of a city and an age—and in a sense they were right. But that feeling has changed color and composition with the passing of the months. Today there is a new vision in Hiroshima. It is that the city has a mission to explain itself to the world, to offer itself as a laboratory specimen in the making of world peace.

Such a vision is important and good, for personal recovery must be part of a larger pattern. For, however impressed we may be with man's capacity for regeneration, we must ask ourselves: regeneration for what? So that man may be afforded an even larger test of his capacity to survive atomic catastrophe? Hiroshima is an ideal classroom for history, but little will have been learned if the only lesson is that survival and regeneration are possible. Not survival but the condition of man is the problem. Not whether he can endure atomic fire but whether he can avert it. And in dedicating itself to this purpose the city of Hiroshima defines a mission as urgent as it is noble.

Even as we break ground here today for a new Peace Center, we are aware that peace in the world is less a fact than it is a word, and that while the will to peace is deep inside peoples everywhere, there is as yet no adequate means by which this will can be translated into effective reality. There exists nowhere on a world level an agency responsible to mankind as a whole, an agency which can listen and act to the end that human life may be protected and developed. To say that such an agency is more easily imagined than achieved, and is therefore to be avoided, is to condemn the history of progress.

Certainly true peace will be difficult to achieve. Life itself is difficult. But an honest effort is required before we can be sure that what is difficult may

Atomic Age Fables



XVII. To Knot or Nought To Knot

THERE was once an American in a hotel in Iceland who read Shakespeare and discovered ten thousand new ways to tie knots.

When his discoveries were made known, an American reporter was sent to interview him.

"Is it true," asked the reporter, "that the reading of Shakespeare is the reason for your great discoveries?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered his fellow countryman. "As I read him, I held a spool of twine in my hand. I followed his rhythms with the twine and the knots were formed."

"Are there any more knots possible?" asked the reporter.

"Oh I have ceased reading Shakespeare," said the savant. "Now I read the comments of different men who have read his works and I haven't made a solitary new knot."

—J. S.

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also be impossible. And such an effort—a supreme, common effort in the name of the world's peoples—has yet to be called for, let alone attempted. The problem confronting us is neither interplanetary nor supernatural. It is a man-made problem, one well within our reach to examine and solve.

—N. C.

Gone with the Wind

THE death of Margaret Mitchell in Atlanta on August 16 had a strange effect on people who had never seen her, who knew her only as the author of "Gone with the Wind," the fabulously successful writer who had refused to bring out a second book. It was not her success alone that produced everywhere the expressions of grief and of anger at the means of her death. The modesty with which she accepted her fate in the twelve years that followed the novel had produced its unconscious effect on many of her readers. The penalty she had to pay for producing a Civil War novel that sold eight million copies in thirty languages in forty countries was the sacrifice of any further ambition she may have had as a writer and the surrender of her desire for domestic privacy. Margaret Mitchell was a small and vital woman, "a bundle of energy," whose days were packed with facing strangers from everywhere who came to view her, as if she was a celebrated monument to her industry, or the personification of everyone's wishful dream of fulfillment. She labored with one and sometimes two secretaries to keep up with the flood of her correspondence from all over the world.

Only a sense of duty toward the admirers of her fame and a stubborn courage kept her at this thankless task. At one time she went into hiding, when the world premiere of the fantastically publicized motion picture inundated Atlanta with curious spectators and the pageantry of the Civil War in crinolines and uniforms flowed through its streets. If she had not belonged to the city of her birth she could have spent her last years in an escape to a mountaintop or to Tahiti, after her husband, John Marsh, to whom the book was dedicated, retired as advertising manager of the Georgia Power Company.

The seeds of "Gone with the Wind" were nurtured in her childhood, for her father was president of the Atlanta Historical Society and an authority on the history of his city and state. He was also president of the Bar Association, and there were other lawyers in her family, so that she was not only brought up on countless tales of the Civil War from her family and friends but was endowed with a feeling for cause and effect and ordered thought, without which she could never have brought together in so powerfully coherent a story the hundreds of pages, chapters, notes, and scraps of paper with which her room and closet were filled, the disconnected work of more than nine years.

It is impossible to say whether the years since its publication have given the final judgment on the literary merits of this epic narrative. When it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1937 many of the critics who had been somewhat stunned by its immediate and prodigious popularity returned to the attack. In the words of this magazine it was inferior to half a dozen other novels which dealt with the same theme. "She uses," it was said, "all the time-worn situations and conventions of melodrama, and averages about five 'East Lynn' curtains per hundred pages." There were, Mr. Bernard DeVoto added, at least a dozen better novels that might have received the Pulitzer Prize that year.

But for this generation and perhaps another to follow this first and only work of an unknown woman remains the most popular novel in the world. It has something, or everything, in it that the public wants, a magnificently told dramatic narrative and a love story so imperatively moving that Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara have become the lineal descendants of all the great fictional lovers of the past, and the fall of Atlanta in our Civil War has become one with the siege of Troy.

—H. S.

End of Controversy

THE Library Committee of the Senate and House announced August 20 that in the future no cultural awards may be given in the name of the Library of Congress. This is the final and somewhat disquieting result of long-continued protests against the Library's sponsorship of the Bollingen Prize awarded to Ezra Pound for his volume of poetry " The Pisan Cantos," selected by ten of the fourteen Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress as last year's best book of poetry. It goes without saying that, in addition to other attacks, Robert Hillyer's articles and the editorials and letters published in *The Saturday Review* had aroused public indignation to such an extent that Congress, as guardian of the Library, was forced to take action of some sort, if only to forestall the embarrassment

of a full-dress investigation of the circumstances under which a national prize had been given to an incomprehensible book of verse written by a man under indictment for treason and officially declared insane.

The coterie of poets and critics whose opinions and almost single-minded devotion to abstruse poetry had been under attack will remain unmolested as Fellows of the Library. According to their lights they will doubtless serve that great institution faithfully, though their blunder in choosing Pound's "The Pisan Cantos" for the thousand-dollar Bollingen Prize has deprived the Library of yearly benefactions to poets, and has put an end to the medals awarded in other fields.

As a final arrow shot at the Fellows, and the method by which they perpetuate themselves in the Library of Congress, it may be added that the last poet to join their ranks is William Carlos Williams. In Dr. Williams's review of Ezra Pound's book you will find in the spring issue of *Imagi* the following statement:

> Heeded, Pound's loyalty, humanity (conspicuously revealed by the devotion he inspires in other men who devote themselves to him), kindness, and good sense, would strike like lightning into us. So we proceed to legally slaughter him (in the face of the lice and swine that we let live) that we may escape the implications of his genius. We might better acquire stronger stomachs against his peccadillos.

It might appear that Luther H. Evans, able and conscientious Librarian of Congress, unless he injects a little blood of a different type into this remarkable group, will have to get along with his Fellows as best he can for a long, long time to come.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

On Our Anniversary

SIR: Too bad your beautiful Anniversary Issue [*SRL* Aug 6] was disfigured by Clifton Fadiman's tour de force on "The Decline of Attention." He, of course, is always brilliant and a past master at the game of insulting the reader; but this time, I think, he went too far. It is hard to stomach when the star salesman of miscellaneous "Information, Please" ridicules the public's desire to be "well informed"; when editors who try to break up solid pages are taken to task on a page that contains a cartoon; when a member of the Book-of-the-Month-Club jury assumes a stance of moral indignation over the fact that the public must be sold on books; when a responsible critic proclaims the doctrine that a writer should consider his readers as his inferiors.

"Decline of attention," my eye. In our age of steadily increasing literacy, the relative size of the serious reading public may be smaller; but the audience for good literature is certainly wider than ever before in history. And where did Mr. Fadiman get the odd notion that a writer must not try to please and entertain his readers? He says he likes "Hamlet." Did he miss the graveyard scene? Even Shakespeare, Mr. Fadiman, was known to cater to the tastes of his audience.

Well, if Mr. Fadiman chooses to call himself a reactionary and to turn the clock back 300 years, that's his privilege. "The American Malady," as Howard Mumford Jones points out in the article following Mr. Fadiman's piece, often causes a writer to declare "not that he is ill-adjusted to his audience, but that his audience is ill-adjusted to him." Amen.

RUDOLF FLESCH.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Fadiman's article recalled to mind Everett Dean Martin's estimable and helpful study "Liberty." A frequent mention of "mobism" in it now seems more prophetic than it did even a short twenty years ago. It is a state which the United States particularly appears to be surely arriving at at rather a sharp pace, and mainly, I believe, because of the more general neglect there to cultivate the faculties which would most tend to prevent and perhaps definitely postpone the decline of attention which has been progressing without much obstruction for a century, and with even less obstruction the past forty years or so.

K. E. WINTER.

Montreal, Can.

SIR: In the most insulting manner imaginable, Mr. Fadiman invites the reader to join him in his snob sanctum and there to scoff at readable writers. If we follow Mr. Fadiman's reasoning we must give up Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, Carroll, and Twain, and take to reading income-tax forms and insurance policies. Insurance policies *demand* attention, while Twain merely entertains.

He broods about the current veneration for the "fact" and for being "well informed." This from the huckster of "Information, Please."

He despairs that there are so few discriminating readers today, implying that this was not the case three hundred years ago. This is a blatant absurdity. The liberalization of education has made so many people literate that among these millions there are bound to be many who are not so skilled as Mr. Fadiman would have them.

And, finally, Mr. Fadiman tells us there is hope for the humanist (whom he confuses with his attention-holders), because there is an unease that doesn't understand itself. Perhaps it doesn't understand itself because it has made too great a demand on its own attention.

IRVING R. WARNER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I was particularly impressed with Clifton Fadiman's brilliant essay "The Decline of Attention" and Norman Cousins's "Credo for *SRL*." I have been an avid reader all my life and in the final analysis *SRL* is about the finest literary journal in the U. S. Many, many more years of fine book reviewing, ideas to make one *think*, and candid expressions on the mores of our times.

LAWRENCE I. CHASE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Elmer Davis finds intellectual life generally depressing. Only morally diseased minds could find it otherwise. . . . Can we depend upon the intelligentsia to create for us a happier and a more decent world? Would they be willing to live with their families in a world of their own creation? Some of them brazenly deny that they are missionaries or do-gooders and say that they desire to live in a world made secure and decent by others' blood and sweat.

Notwithstanding the impressive array of intellectual talent set forth in the Anniversary Issue, it is my considered judgment that the most vigorous and the most scholarly minds of the present day are chiefly concerned with building moral and spiritual foundations under our civilization. Jesus, Socrates, Gandhi, and those who interpret their ideas point to a golden age of life on this planet rather than the intellectual leaders who do not seem to have a sense of that which is vital and who overlook the things most important.

O. B. CROCKETT.

New Castle, Ky.

SIR: The article by Elmer Davis alone is more than worth the price. In my humble opinion, he is and has been for years the sanest, the soundest, and most intelligent writer and commentator on the public and political affairs of our country.

WILLIAM M. STANTON.

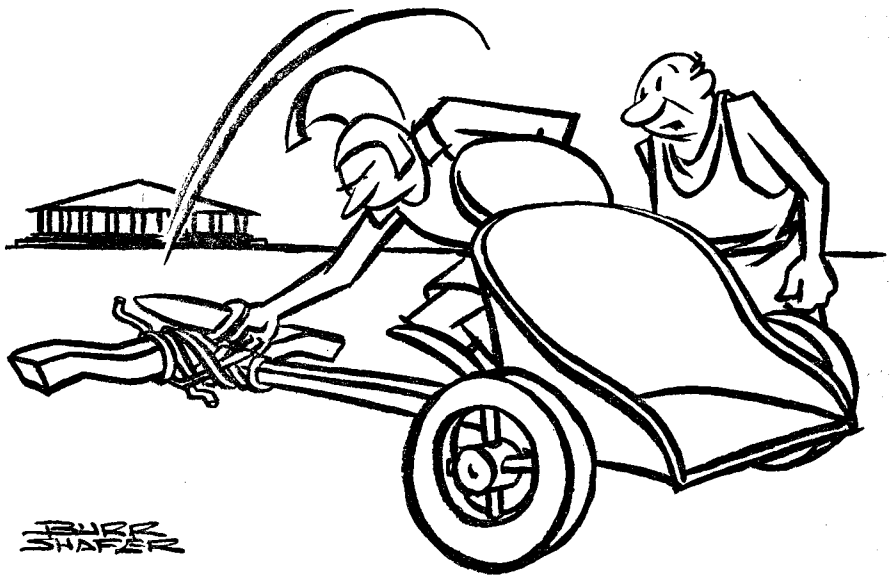
Kerrville, Tenn.

SIR: I settled down to your giant edition of Aug. 6 with great expectations only to find it deadly dull and almost wholly deficient in ideas. How did you manage to prepare such a dull issue? You even got Elmer Davis to write in a trite, uninteresting manner. This took editorial genius, nothing less. Canby had some ideas—and for the rest, a barren stretch of desert. What an opportunity you missed.

T. SWANN HARDING.

Falls Church, Va.

SIR: You have produced a combined album - catalogue - encyclopedia - travelogue - art - and - photograph - gallery - record - and - film edition that is comprehensive, colossal. Norman Cousins's "Credo for *SRL*" sets an



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I *still* think I could have figured out a way to untie that knot!"

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impressive standard for all contemporaries.

(Rev.) Thomas F. Opie, D.D.

Great Barrington, Mass.

Sir: Fine job. Will be useful for reference.

Paul Flowers.

Memphis, Tenn.

Blanshard, Pro & Con

Sir: Horace Kallen's review of "American Freedom and Catholic Power" (*SRL* July 30) was as neutral an outline or summary, illustrated by quotations, as one could expect. There was not a hint of praise or recommendation for the book. Some may consider this the ideal type of review, but at least it is not typical of *SRL* reviews. You certainly made a lame attempt at presenting a "responsible consideration of the book."

It is significant that Lynch does not refute a single argument, or question a single fact given by Blanshard, though he insinuates that the book is "as though the Ku Klux Klan had gone intellectual." He does not even refute the ambiguously described charge which he says deserves "extremely serious consideration"! If, as Lynch admits, "probably no phase of our life is in greater need of candid discussion than the relationship of the Roman Catholic Church to American institutions, and certainly no important factor in our life has been more consistently neglected by responsible writers," why does his church attempt to stifle this attempt to stimulate discussion of this problem?

George Fink.

Burlington, Iowa.

Sir: It seems to this reader that the real cause of so much anti-Catholicism is complete ignorance of just what the Church is. The Roman Catholic Church is universal; it numbers among its members whites, blacks, Orientals of every shade, and former members of Judaism and Protestantism. Among Catholics there are as many varieties of personality as among those who do not profess the ancient Faith.

As an organization, the Church requires a hierarchy just as any American corporation has its president, vice president, etc. The unity of the Church lies in its recognition of the central authority of the Pope in matters of *Faith and Morals*!

In the past, as every Catholic who has studied his Church history knows, there were many abuses of temporal power. This did not diminish in the least the validity of the Church as the Treasury of Divine Wisdom, the Church founded by Jesus Christ Himself, as has been proven time and time again by her own as well as pagan or non-Catholic historians.

The Church has always preserved the rights of the individual over any earthly power. The forces which attack her in the name of "liberalism" are too often those who wish to see man bound in their own peculiar form of "liberty." They are so liberal that anyone who does not agree with their views must at all costs be eliminated!

Mr. Blanshard is only renewing an unsuccessful effort which began two thousand years ago. Let him remember too that, during the last war, the Catholics who are only one-fifth of the population of the country made up one-third of the armed forces! They fought and died while arm-chair patriots who had "limited" their families were congratulating themselves. If only our enemies would study our Faith as it is rather than through the distortion of what they imagine it to be!

David J. Lamb.

New York, N. Y.

Sir: How can H. M. Kallen even attempt to infer that Paul Blanshard has presented an objective study of the Catholic Church in America?

It is common knowledge that Mr. Blanshard has been consistently anti-Catholic in his articles that appeared in *The Nation*. Not only has he been anti-Catholic, but vehemently so. Even when he attempts to set down the basic "truths" of the Church he edits them so that when they appear in his book they are no longer the tenants of the faith, but rather they are Blanshard-interpreted "truths."

Also is Mr. Blanshard unaware that many other right-thinking people are carrying the battle against such things as birth-control, divorce, mercy-killing, and other evils? Although the Catholics are the only organized group to be united against these evils of society, there are millions of non-Catholics who are also waging war against the diseases of our world.

Lastly, I would doubt that any Catholic leader would consult with Mr. Blanshard on anything Blanshard would desire to publish. Blanshard's record speaks for itself.

Evans G. Olwell, Jr.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sir: How in the world can Mr. Lynch expect that "American unity" can be "furthered" and the Catholic and Protestant groups brought into "closer concordance" when it is well known that the only possible concord would be admission on the part of Protestants that they are heretics and outside the alleged only true church? One might just as well be realistic at this point.

Is Mr. Lynch well informed when he speaks of the non-Catholic's protest against "being forced to subscribe to Catholic practice"? What about the non-Catholic doctors being forced to discontinue their service in hospitals by command of the Roman Catholic Church? Is it not astonishing that this gentleman, as a superintendent of public schools, considers "secularism as a fundamental principle of public education"?

E. M. Conover.

New York, N. Y.

Presentative Art

Sir: In my letter on the Museum of Modern Art Catalogue you printed representative where I had intended and written presentative. This was probably because you knew of no such word, but the word presentative art as a replacement for abstract art was coined by Josef Albers, and is introduced in an essay by him in the book "American Abstract Artists." Webster's New International Dictionary defines presentative as:

> Producing an esthetic impression directly and independently of nature; nonrepresentative; nonimitative; as, the *presentative* arts; the *presentative* element in a cubist painting.
>
> Or, that presents or serves to present with vividness or clearness, as an image or abstraction.

Ward Jackson.

Richmond, Va.

Editor's Note: *Maybe it would be better to sic it for a while until folks catch on.*

Pseudo-Problems

Sir: I wish to comment on the rather misleading presentation of logical empiricism as "the thesis . . . that science can ultimately find definite and complete answers to all problems" in connection with Philipp Frank's book "Modern Science and Its Philosophy" [*SRL* July 30]. The catch to this argument is that logical empiricists hold that any problem which cannot be solved by scientific method is, by definition, a pseudo-problem; any assertion which cannot be verified by scientific or logical methods is meaningless. Statements such as "that is beautiful" or "that is good" (in the esthetic and normative senses) are not viewed as assertions at all, but as mere expressions of emotion

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or desire, which cannot have the attributes of "true" or "false." Logical empiricism is not a "doctrine" of the bold, but a doctrine of the weak: it represents a deterioration of the understanding to the point where science and logic are the only things it can comprehend. The only boldness exhibited by logical empiricists is in the assertion that anything that they (thus limited) cannot understand is meaningless.

It is true that Communists strongly dislike this new philosophy, but this is so because Communism (albeit in a perverted fashion) holds some things to be good and others to be bad, whereas logical positivism leads to a complete and thorough-going subjectivism in ethics. This doctrine is just as great an enemy of Christianity as of Communism, the former being (as Toynbee observes) basic to most of our own Western culture.

I refer to "The Abolition of Man" by C. S. Lewis as a statement of the consequences of such doctrines as logical empiricism. Our ability to do what we want is rapidly increasing, due to technology, but our knowledge of what is desirable is approaching an eclipse.

LEE YOUNG.

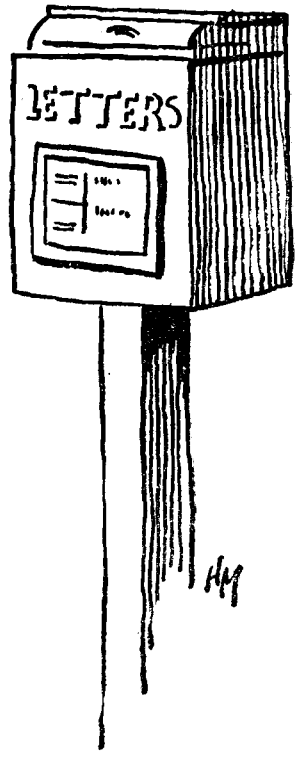
Suncook, N. H.

A Look at the Register

SIR: I have a copy of the London Stationers Register before me and seventeen of Shakepeare's plays are not there "duly inscribed under the author's name, correctly spelled," as asserted by the Countess of Chambrun [*SRL* June 25]. Only five plays are so recorded, namely, "Henry the Fourth," "Much Ado About Nothing," "King Lear," "The Two Noble Kingsmen," "A Yorkshire Tragedy." And three times out of five the name is spelt "Shakespere."

As for the reliability of that "highly official document . . . the London Stationers Register," "The Two Noble Kingsmen" is not included in the First Folio and is primarily the work of John Fletcher, "A Yorkshire Tragedy" is a totally spurious Shakespeare play, the "King Lear" of this first registration is an atrocious text filled with bewildering errors and misreadings. The reason is evident. It is a text hurriedly and haphazardly put together from rough stenographic notes made of an actual performance. It is a manifest "steal." It is an attempt by prior registration to deprive the purchaser of the play of his copyright.

Gelett Burgess in his itemized argumentation in favor of the Earl of Oxford [*SRL* June 4] makes no mention of Oxford's dying in 1604 and of this registration of "King Lear" occurring in 1607. It is true that the inscription of a play in the Stationers Register at a certain date is not positive proof that the play was written shortly before that date. But the wording in the Stationers Register reads, "A booke, called Master William Shakespeare his historye of King Lear as yt was played before the Kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night at Christmas Last," and this specification does suggest a first performance of the play December 1606. Moreover, Act I, Scene 2, Gloucester says, "These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus, and thus; yet Nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects"; and in the autumn of 1605 there occurred two notable eclipses of the moon and sun, that of the moon on the 27th of September, that of the sun on the 2nd of November. Oxfordians, having searched the almanacs through in vain for another instance of two close eclipses of the moon and sun, would dismiss this mathematical evidence as a mere accident of literary phrasing coinciding with fact. However, there is this more. Early in 1606 there appeared a small pamphlet translated from the High Dutch en-



titled "Strange fearful and true news which happened at Carlstadt in the Kingdom of Croatia." It enlarged upon "the Earth's and Moon's late and horrible obscurations." The similarities of phrase, rhythm, and sentiment indicate that the author of "King Lear" was indeed influenced by a reading of the pamphlet.

There is strong evidence that when "King Lear" was written the Earl of Oxford was dead.

ALDEN BROOKS.

Topanga, Calif.

SIR: In connection with the Stratfordian-Oxfordian controversy the following dates (some conjectural, others approaching certainty) are of interest. 1605-06: "Lear," "Macbeth"; 1606-07: "Antony and Cleopatra"; 1607-08: "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens"; 1608-09: "Pericles"; 1609-10: "Cymbeline"; 1610-11: "The Winter's Tale"; 1611-12: "The Tempest"; 1612-13: "Henry VIII," "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The dates, those of the earliest production of the plays, are given by Sir E. K. Chambers in "William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems."

The seventeenth Earl of Oxford died in 1604. If he wrote these plays in the years suggested above, he must have been the most distinguished of Elizabethan ghost writers.

F. Y. ST. CLAIR.

Grand Forks, N. D.

Bollingen Foundation

SIR: We think that before raising grave accusations against a foundation it would have been only fair to investigate the activities of the body [*SRL* June 4]. If Mr. Hillyer had taken the trouble to do that, he would have discovered that the list of fellows and authors of the Bollingen Foundation includes personalities of the most diverse background and extraction, Jews as well as gentiles, refugees as well as Americans, but all of them good, confirmed democrats. He would have found names like Paul Radin, Huntington Cairns, Herbert Read, R. P. Blackmur, Benedetto Croce, St. John Perse, James H. Breasted, Jr., Herbert Friedmann, Max Raphael, Joseph Campbell, Charles de Tolnay, Walter Friedlander, Victor Zuckerkandl, none of whom could be suspected of Fascist or authoritarian leanings.

We, the undersigned, refugees from Nazism, whose writings and public records give evidence of our violent repugnance to the dogmas and methods of dictatorial regimes, wish to testify to the effect that we have received the most generous unconditional support from the Bollingen Foundation. The vacation season has made it impossible to get in touch with other fellows or authors of the Foundation. But we feel certain that all of them would be happy to join us in protest against the defamation of an institution which has intended and done nothing but good to studies and arts in this country.

HERMANN BROCH,
ERICH KAHLER,
SIEGFRIED KRACAUER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Obviously those who accuse Hillyer of jealousy are taking their own measure, not his. What sort of mentality can imagine a distinguished poet as sour-graping the dreary, ugly, sordid, and senseless trash that is called modernist "poetry"? The fakers have of course succeeded: the destruction of poetry is almost complete. But Hillyer has never competed for a share in their triumph. No genuine poet could be capable of that sort of thing. It is a logical impossibility. To believe otherwise is to confess a crudity far below any normal level of mind.

However, the me-too crowd probably has nothing to worry about. Contempt for poetry is as firmly rooted in just about every editorial sanctum and university crypt as it is in every hardware store, bank, and shambles.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Calif.

SIR: Just one little item. The judges of the Library of Congress-Bollingen Award speak of "impugnent." I think myself impugnable when I say that the word should have been "impugnation."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Cape Ann, Mass.

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(Continued from page 16)

cryptic than illuminating. A Berlin astrologer finds himself mixed up, all unwilling, in the affairs of Hitler, and goes through two confusing days in the underground shelter. Hitler is glimpsed emerging from a toilet there. The wildly mad atmosphere is conveyed well, but the meaning of the events seems to evade definition stubbornly.

After examining the Yalta Conference through the eyes of its chief participants and also through an exterminator called upon to rid Roosevelt's and his staff's quarters of bedbugs and lice, Mr. Aldanov moves much farther back into history, to about the midpoint of the sixteenth century. "The Belvedere Torso" examines Michelangelo at ninety, and in the story there is also Giorgio Vasari, the art historian, Pope Pius IV, and a madman engaged in a lengthy project to assassinate the Pope. Perhaps it is because the narrative takes place on too many levels that a clear unity of meaning does not emerge. Much seems unrelated, although a picture of the time is believably and skilfully created.

Maybe it is the contrapuntal method, so often used in these longer than average tales, that tends to limit their emotional force. Mr. Aldanov uses many vantage points from which to view his events, and the dovetailing of them results in interesting formal arrangements, but also in a curious lack of intensity. "A Night at the Airport," the title story, seems somewhat superficial and occasionally misleading.

Cicada

By David McCord

THAT katydid in yonder tree
Has something now to say to me.
If I could find him, find his limb,
I'd have a word to say to him.

But he is green as green the leaf:
The soul of Proust within Moncrieff
Is not more perfectly contained
Than he is perfectly ingrained.

A word with me is all he wants.
I know the word, and my response
Each summer's end has been the same:
To stop it running like a flame

Across the leaf-to-leaf abyss.
When sorrow empties down to this,
Must all my traded long-ago
Remind me that I know, I know?

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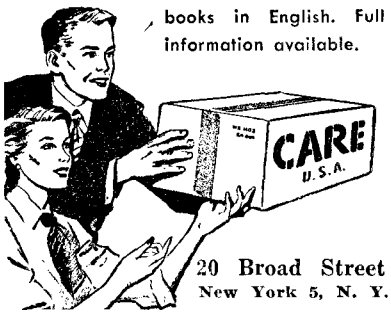

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ing, because of the many lines of development used to tell it. Many characters in it are delineated only enough to be seen as types (symbolical though they may be), and they are gone from view no sooner does one become interested in them. Mr. Aldanov more often succeeds in gaining historical perspective, and in lighting up times and places rather than his people in these quite unusual stories.

Boy Makes Good on Wall Street

CITIES OF THE DEEP. By Edward Lyons. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 496 *pp.* $3.50.

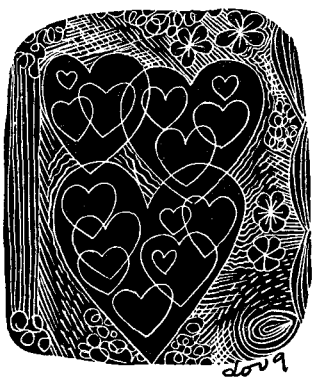
By Harrison Smith

IN THIS novel Edward Lyons exhibits certain qualities that may produce a writer who will have enough to say, and who will say it dramatically enough to assure himself a certain future. A born story-teller, endowed with an almost too exuberant flow of language, he has written the story of a wild boy brought up in a forgotten coastal port in the South who is determined to seek revenge for his wounded ego by escaping to New York, accumulating million after million on Wall Street, and returning to Waccamaw to lay his enemies low.

Mr. Lyons's subtitle labels it a dramatic novel of the American dream. Fundamentally, it is a Horatio Alger story, conceivable to the imagination of ambitious youth half a century and more ago.

There is a wildly romantic flavor to the book that sharply divides it it into three parts. The characters who belong to Kim Starling's youth and who are later to mean so much to the returned and bruised millionaire are all, to be sure, the stock characters of romantic fiction: the devoted mother whose reason is half destroyed by the disappearance of her sailor husband, the sterling and shiftless old doctor who performs miracles of surgery and diagnosis, the quaint old boat builder, the obese philosopher-tramp, the princess in the guise of a Civil War colonel's daughter who is kept in a decayed plantation house. There is the story of Kim's escape on foot to the city where gold can be picked up in the streets by any boy whose dream is strong enough, a grim saga, but still the figment of romance.

It is to the author's credit that all of this is not only entertaining but somehow plausible, once the reader is caught by the torrent. When Kim marries in New York and finally gets a job in a run-down investment house owned by the only son of an aristocratic family, the author is faced with his real problem. The novel suddenly comes to life in another way, for Mr. Lyons has accumulated enough knowledge of Wall Street in the days of the tycoons who were known as malefactors of great wealth to describe Kim's merciless and brutal rise with powerful realism. He betrays his partner, who, following his own dream, has gone to France to fight in the First World War; his savage jealousy destroys and indeed kills his wife, who has come up from the slums of Brooklyn. The millions he accumulates cannot alleviate his wretchedness or bring the dead to life. In the ferocity



of his toil he has acquired stomach ulcers and a weak heart. Kim goes back to Waccamaw, ready for death. He finds his boyhood princess teaching school but still beautiful, the old doctor and the antique boat builder still alive. Together they build the seagoing yacht that has been part of the dream, and romance is back in full flood.

It is difficult to know which to admire the most, the gusto with which Mr. Lyons plunges into the heart of romance, or the realism and irony with which he endows his attack on the ruthless Wall Street gang who helped to bring about the Great Depression. In the future he may have to decide on which side of the fence he chooses to write. He has imagination, intelligence, and the gift for singing words. But he may not be able to repeat this kind of novel without asking too much of the reader's credulity. In other words, he may use his truly remarkable talents for serious and dramatic novels, or plunge headlong into the maelstrom of prefabricated, lush, and romantic tales.

Shipwrecked and How

SILVERLOCK. By John Myers Myers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 349 *pp.* $3.

By Dale L. Morgan

IF you like picaresque adventure, old tales contrived into new ones, or intellectual guessing games, "Silverlock" may be the book for you. Otherwise, you had better settle for something else in this week's literary output, for plainly John Myers Myers's new novel is not for everybody. Some may find the book superbly amusing, deft, witty, and full of rich allusion, while others, like myself, will begin by wondering why Mr. Myers bothered to write it and end by deciding that the fun he got out of it must have seemed enough, let the end-product be what it might.

The conception, at least, is original —that of a man shipwrecked upon the shore of a land created from the bizarrest stuff of legend and literature, and of a pilgrim's progress which, however, brings the pilgrim out nowhere in particular. (Perhaps that is the point.) The adventures are those that might befall a man cast away among Circe and her swine, Beowulf, Anna Karenina, Don Quixote, Manon Lescaut, Horatius at the Bridge, Hester Prynne, assorted characters from Alice's Wonderland, and Isaak Walton. Also Robin Hood, Oedipus, Gawain, Semiramis, Robinson Crusoe's cannibals, the Delphic oracle, Simon Suggs, the Flying Dutchman, and Huckleberry Finn's raft.

Whatever one gets from a book of this kind, one has to work for. The publishers are inclined to find Mr. Myers's novel "a meaningful commentary on man's search for a satisfying vision of life," but although it is certainly a saucy performance, amusing as much for its impudence as for its incident, I find it in no part profound, and about as meaningful as it would be had Mr. Myers contrived its writing by farming out the individual episodes to freshmen in English at Arizona State. There is, of course, a well-known dictum that poets and artists are entitled to whatever a reader can get from their work, whether they were aware of putting it in or not. We can be no less generous to Mr. Myers, making him a gift in fee simple of all that readers are willing to dig out of his book. But having been born lazy, never having improved upon this condition materially, and never having been much taken by morality plays anyway, I for one am disinclined to work Mr. Myers's mine for him.

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THE FINE ARTS

THE ROSE HORSE OF TRAJAN

TO LARGE sections of the public, modern art appears to be the result of a sudden, anarchist uprising through which contemporary painters have seized the right to distort reality in any way they see fit or to dispense with recognizable subject matter altogether. Even among professional critics there is a tendency to think of modern art's license as rather quickly won, first by the sweeping advances of the post-impressionists, Cézanne, Seurat, Van Gogh, and Gaugin, and later by the consolidating break-through of the expressionists and the cubists at the beginning of our era. The truth is, on the contrary, that the revolt in painting had been gathering throughout almost the entire nineteenth century in Paris, then the nerve center of art. We can sense its force not only in the work of men of the later century, but in that of earlier figures like Delacroix.

To the Salon of 1840 Delacroix submitted a single, large canvas, "La Justice de Trajan," inspired by the verses in Dante's "Divine Comedy" which describe Trajan's promise of vengeance to a widow for her murdered son. The picture barely survived the Salon's jury, an astonishing fact when we consider that Delacroix had been painting professionally for more than twenty years and was famous throughout Europe. Nevertheless, Raymond Escholier's standard monograph informs us that "La Justice de Trajan" would have been refused had not a painter named Foggo sent in so mediocre a work that room was made for Delacroix's canvas in its place. Once accepted and hung, the picture created a furor which has been of lasting importance to the evolution of modern art. The rumpus started because Delacroix had painted Trajan's horse a pinkish-rose color, which the classicists and the academicians immediately decried as without conceivable precedent in nature. The press attacked the picture in the virulent phrases now sometimes applied to modern art, and its remarkable worth was proclaimed by only a few critics.

Fifteen years later "La Justice de Trajan" was shown again, at the Exposition Universelle of 1855, and the torrent of invective against its audacious color raged for a second time. On this occasion, however, an eloquent champion sprang to the painter's defense—Charles Baudelaire. The poet began by asserting that horses of a light rose color could be found in nature. Then realizing that his point was arguable if not downright insecure, he went on to say that whether such horses did or did not exist, the artist was perfectly justified in creating them, that is, in inventing tonal juxtapositions to suit his purpose. The dispute was thus resolved into an issue between two opposite theories as to the status of the creative artist: the concept of the artist as the respectful handmaiden of an existing beauty in nature; and the concept of the artist as the free agent of his own painter's vision.

The dispute arose at a critical time in nineteenth-century French art, for classicism was moribund, and only the Baroque revival of Gros, Géricault, and Delacroix had been strong enough to take its place. And a fundamental of the neo-baroque approach, as the romantics developed it, was that the artist should often seek an intuitive order, arrived at spontaneously rather than by inflexible rule. Instinct, in brief, became the romantics' infallible lie-detector, and even old Ingres, so much closer to them in certain respects than is customarily admitted, went so far as to declare: "All my intelligence is founded on my instinct, a *je ne sais quoi* of things which have not been learned methodically, but which have come to install themselves in my thought without my having forced them to do so." Nevertheless, it was Delacroix and not Ingres, however much the latter has been preferred by modern painters who fought the crucial battle of the rose horse. He did not win it in his own time; it was won in his name only when the post-impressionists had bludgeoned academic opinion into submission, opening the way for Maurice Denis' celebrated dictum of 1895: "It must be remembered that any painting—before being a battle steed, a nude woman, or some anecdote—is essentially a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order." It seems possible that the phrase "battle steed" refers to Trajan's horse. At any rate, today's painters owe Delacroix much of the liberty which only the least talented of them have abused.

THERE is another way in which Delacroix was a prophet, in both a negative and a positive sense. He was almost certainly the last great exponent of traditional iconography in Western art. Religion, history, literature, dramatic current events, fantasy —all these major themes he used with incessant if not always adequate vigor. More recent painters have seldom tried to rival him in this regard. Indeed, he exhausted Grand Style iconography for succeeding generations, forcing a reaction against what his heirs considered to be unwieldy rhetoric. After his death in 1863, painters tended to lower their iconographical sights, to avoid the sacrosanct and the grand, to seek instead subjects more intimately known or more directly invented. The reaction was if anything overdue. One has only to compare the murals of Veronese or Tiepolo with those of Delacroix to see that the last-named, for all his powers, shows signs of a cumulative dwindling in the impetus of religious, mythological, and allegorical subject matter. In the negative sense Delacroix's function, however distasteful to him, was to close the book on the "ideal," freeing later artists for that brilliant exploration of more autonomous esthetic experience which continues to this day.

The function for a long time was unquestionably distasteful to Delacroix. In late middle age he felt he knew where painting was heading, and he fought its progress bitterly. Once, for example, after seeing Courbet's new works, he confided to the elder Dumas: "We sought the heights. Happy he who could attain them. I fear the stature of today's contestants does not permit them even to think of heights. Their little, narrow truth is not the truth of the masters. They seek their truth on the ground, with a microscope. Farewell to great inspirational painting, farewell to the grand effects of dramatic passion." His

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very choice of words makes clear how sharply the art of the past hundred years has veered away from his ideals.

What is particularly fascinating about Delacroix's career, however, is that he himself, had he lived another ten years, might have become the herald of an anti-historical iconography. Toward the end of his life he spent more and more time painting still lifes of flowers, as though he had come to realize that art could not always treat with conviction "the grand effects of dramatic passion." Furthermore, these still lifes eventually became so abstract that the critic Jean Rousseau complained: "The time is not far distant, if Delacroix is not cured, when he will practise only the juxtaposition of tones, without bothering to represent anything, and will paint bouquets in which one will no longer find even flowers." Thus we may simplify matters unduly when we assume that advanced twentieth-century art was arrived at solely via the example of the post-impressionists, though that was certainly its principal route.

What needs to be examined more closely is the liberating use of arbitrary color, which begins with Delacroix's rose horse and continues in the painting of the *fin de siècle* symbolists, up to and including the early Vuillard and Bonnard. In trying to understand how modern art came about, we still stress too much, I think, the architectonic line of descent from Poussin through Ingres, Cézanne, and Seurat to the cubists. That is not the whole story, however persuasively it has been told, especially by Wilenski and other English critics. Like all civil wars, the one between color and line, between tonal and architectural structure, has been marked by extreme violence, but also by moments of irresistible *rapprochement* among members of both camps and their followers. If Cézanne's "the cylinder, the sphere, the cone" has been a crucial signpost for modern artists, so at some more distant point has been the rose horse of Trajan, rearing in mercy before a kneeling woman's grief.

—James Thrall Soby.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Shelley: "The Cloud." 2. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 3. Milton: "Lycidas." 4. Brooks: "O Little Town of Bethlehem." 5. Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar." 6. Wordsworth: "London, 1802." 7. Watts: "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." 8. Kipling: "L'Envoi." 9. Keats: "Last Sonnet." 10. Untermeyer: "Caliban in the Coal Mines." 11. Poe: "Ulalume." 12. Longfellow: "Excelsior." 13. Hood: "Faithless Sally Brown." 14. Wilde: "Lady Windermere's Fan." 15. Blake: "Songs of Innocence."

From Camera Obscura to Candida

THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY FROM 1839 TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Beaumont Newhall. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 256 pp. $5.

By Roger Butterfield

SO MUCH beauty, so much solid (as well as curious) information, so much intelligence in the arrangement of essential facts have gone into the making of this book that it would be difficult to praise it too highly. It takes its place at once as the best compact history of photography in existence, for Mr. Newhall, who was formerly curator of photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and is now in charge of the collections at Eastman House in Rochester, knows this subject as well as any man living. But it is more than a history—it is a delightful excursion into the realms of art, biography, sociology, science, journalism, and other fields where photography has made, and is still making, great changes Its 163 plates comprise, perhaps, the most meaningful group of photographs ever assembled in a single volume.

From Leonardo da Vinci with his *camera obscura* to Margaret Bourke-White with her *camera candida,* photographers have always been an argumentative and highly entertaining tribe. Is photography a science, an art, or merely a recording technique? It is a combination of all three, replies Mr. Newhall, in effect, and he gives a fair account of all the schools—salon, documentary, abstract, realistic, social, etc.—that have flourished since Daguerre began "painting with sunbeams." Even the most technical uses of photography, such as the U. S. Air Force's reconnaissance photos over Germany, or a laboratory shot of zinc oxide smoke magnified 31,488 times (sic!) have produced pictures of high esthetic appeal.

In his search for the beginnings of things photographic, Mr. Newhall has turned up a vast store of fascinating facts. The first cameras were big enough to walk into; later they became sedan chairs which were carried from place to place with the operators inside. Early experimenters tried almost everything as a coating for photographic plates, including beer, honey, and snail slime. The first human being ever photographed was a Paris pedestrian who stopped on a street corner to get his shoes shined —and thus stood still long enough to make an impression. The Emperor Napoleon III once stopped a column of troops on his way to a war in Italy to pop into a photographer's shop and have his picture taken.

Our own Oliver Wendell Holmes made the earliest scientific studies of human locomotion from casual glimpses of people in daguerreotype pictures; in the May 1863 *Atlantic Monthly* Holmes pointed out that photography proved all artists wrong in their studies of the walking figure. But it was Governor Leland Stanford, of California, who stimulated the invention of motion pictures by betting that a horse could take all four feet off the ground. In 1873 Stanford hired Photographer Eadweard Muybridge to prove his point, and Muybridge spent seven years perfecting his *zoopraxiscope,* which could take successive pictures at 1/5,000th of a second under strong light. Then he took the pictures, mounted them on a wheel, and whirled them around to simulate motion. (Stanford won his bet.)

Probably the earliest practical use of "candid" photos was a series of pictures of human expressions, taken to illustrate Charles Darwin's "Expression of the Emotion," in 1872. The first war photographer was Roger Fenton, of England, who covered the Crimean War in 1855 for the *Illustrated London News.* The first underground pictures were taken deep in the Comstock Lode silver mines at Virginia City, Nevada, in 1867, by T. H. O'Sullivan, who almost set fire to the shafts with his magnesium flares.

Yellowstone Park was probably saved for the American public by the photographs of its geysers and other wonders which were taken by William Henry Jackson in the early 1870's —a Congressional committee inspected them, and voted to preserve the region as a national park. And when Jacob Riis, the crusading newspaper reporter, was exploring the New York slums in the late 1880's, he introduced the use of German *blitzlichtpulver* (flash powder) into the U. S., to get unposed night shots in the narrow East Side alleys.

President Grover Cleveland and Chauncey Depew, head of the New York Central Railroad, both posed for a magazine "photographic essay" in 1893, and similar picture stories had been taken as early as the 1850's. The first "photographic interview" was published in Paris's *Le Journal Illustré* in 1886.

All of this, and a great deal more, is not only told but handsomely illustrated in this book. It is customary, in reviewing books about photography, to remark that the pictures are wonderful. The ones in this book are, but the text is even better.

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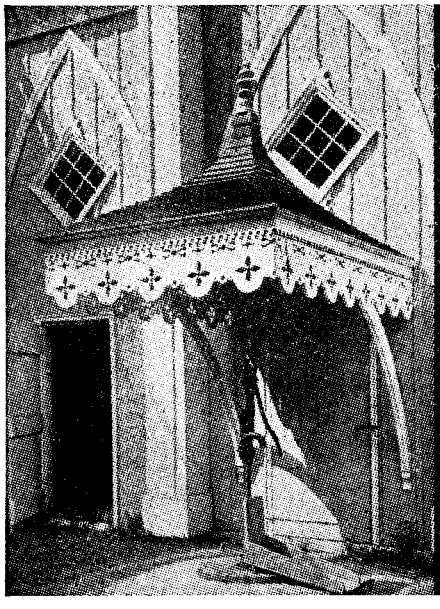
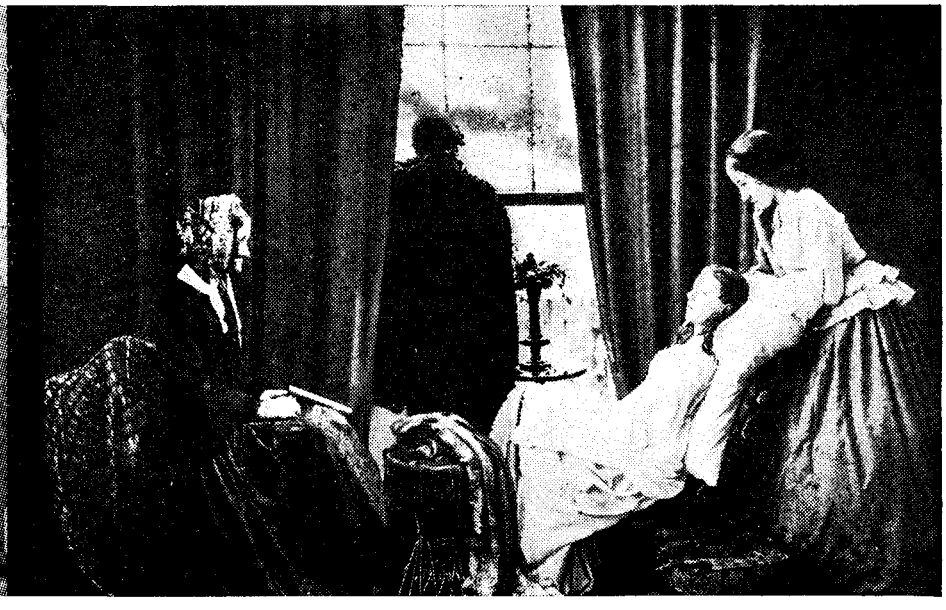
"Tenement Fire, Brooklyn," by Weegee (1939).

Lace on sensitive paper, by Fox Talbot (circa 1840).

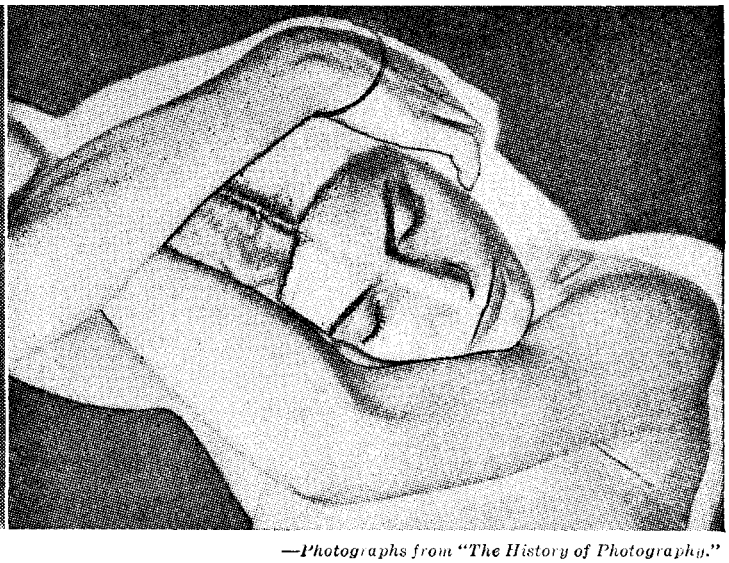


"Maine Pump," by Walker Evans (1933).



"Fading Away," by Henry Peach Robinson (1858).

"Jean Cocteau," by George Platt Lynes (1936).



"Solarization," by Man Ray (1929).

—Photographs from "The History of Photography."

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Institution Humanized

REMBRANDT. By Jakob Rosenberg. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Vol. I, 264 pp. Vol. II, 281 pp. $20 the set.

By Francis Henry Taylor

NO ARTIST has had a vaster or more exhaustive literature devoted to the classification and interpretation of his work than Rembrandt. He has provided a battle ground for the experts ever since the seventeenth century, on which they have played their little games of truth and consequences, avoiding whenever possible the really challenging issues offered by his work. One might have indeed supposed that there was no further need for a definitive publication; that the catalogues of Bode and Hofstede de Groot, of Valentiner and Bredius, of Hind and Benesch, would amply suffice. Rembrandt has virtually ceased to be an artist and has become an institution dominated by the German certificate writers of both hemispheres, whose arrogance was as sanguine as it was vicious. They have, in fact, all but succeeded in destroying Rembrandt the man in favor of the Rembrandt of the salesroom.

Clearly, some corrective has long been needed and it has come in Jakob Rosenberg's beautiful and simple book. Trained himself in the Print Room of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, the author has brought to this work all of those qualities which have made him so beloved by his students at Harvard: intellectual integrity, vision, the sensitivity of an artist combined with an inquiring and modest scholarship. One finds here both the analyses and the summation which have rarely been employed in discussing Rembrandt and which have made such essays as Frits Lugt's preface to the catalogue of Rembrandt's drawings in the Louvre so precious.

Rosenberg places the artist squarely before the reader and allows his genius to grow before him. The process is so simple, and so utterly devoid of the professional tricks of art history, that reading the book and leafing through the splendid plates becomes an esthetic experience as well as an intellectual diversion. Those who will best profit by it are those who want to know Rembrandt and understand him. It is a companion for the intimacy of the private study and not, like so many recent Rembrandt books, a manual for the market place.

The first volume is devoted to the text, which includes, in addition to a sketch of the artist's life, essays on Rembrandt's portraiture, landscapes, Biblical subjects, and genre paintings. Then follow two chapters of critical comment, the one on "Rembrandt in His Century" and the other on the differences in the techniques he employed for painting, drawing, and etching. There is also for the scholar the inevitable apparatus of notes, bibliography, and a concordance and index of paintings.

The second volume is devoted to the presentation of some 280 reproductions in collotype—among the finest ever printed in this country. The book is not only a monument to the author, but to the Harvard University Press. For the student and the painter whose budget permits only one of the standard works on Rembrandt in his library, this is the one he will find most rewarding.

Francis Henry Taylor is director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Sonnet to a Sister in Error

"Whilst the dull manage of a servile house
Is held by some our utmost art and use."
—Anne, Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720).

By Dilys Bennett Laing

SWEET Anne of Winchilsea, you were no hellion
intent on setting the broad world to rocking.
The long court dress concealed the long blue stocking,
the easy manner masked the hard rebellion.
With light foot stirruped on the Muses' stallion
you ambled privately, afraid of shocking
the Maids of Honor who excelled at mocking
the matchless rose with stitches small and million.

Staunch Anne! I know your trouble. The same tether
galls us. To be a woman and a writer
is double mischief, for the world will slight her
who slights "the servile house," and who would rather
make odes than beds. Lost lady! Gentle fighter!
Separate in time, we mutiny together.

Brigand-Decorator

PAUL GAUGUIN: Letters to His Wife and Friends. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

By Jerome Mellquist

GAUGUIN, who combined the natures of a brigand and a decorator, has yet to be discovered as a typical person of our era. Some twenty-five years ago, it is true, Somerset Maugham virtually wrapped a pirate's bandanna around his head as he glorified him in "Moon and Sixpence." This legend has proliferated elsewhere and it has even contaminated, one fears, the judgment of museum directors, who still regard this curiously flawed personality as something exotic and wonderful. Only this summer, for example, the Orangerie in Paris has devoted several exhibition rooms to a centennial commemoration for the painter's birth, and biographers have long found him a good man for their pens.

The present volume, containing 182 letters from Gauguin to his wife and friends, unintentionally provides a corrective to this process. Though the editor, M. Maurice Malingue, extols his subject, he nevertheless does permit, by placing one letter after another, a new portrait to emerge on a highly complicated human being. Commencing with the date 1873, the letters show Gauguin still glowing over his marriage to Mette Sophie Gad, a Danish girl. He obviously intended to succeed in business and follow the usual family pattern. Ten years later, however, he restlessly complains at his receding interest in business and proclaims his will to become a painter.

Bravely, then, he leaves Copenhagen, taking his son Clovis along to Paris. There his letters further reveal his struggle: how he slept on a plank, how he posted bills for household expenses, how he sold pictures from his own private collection, how he could not even buy his son a toy at Christmas time. He even envies his wife her rye bread. But Gauguin had the valor of a brigand. He could fight incomparably well, and he had no compunctions about anybody suffering from his stabs.

Later still, he records that he is down at Aix with Van Gogh—whose own letter, by the way, shows a far more searching character—and then he is pining for the South Seas. He gets first to Panama, where he digs ditches for money, but at last he finds his coconut isles. There he paints feverishly, assures his wife of lasting love amidst references to native

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amours, and at last achieves repute in Paris. Once, too, he declares that he was "born to practise an art trade and could not succeed. Windows, faience, furniture, etc. . . . My real aptitudes are for these things rather than for painting in the strict sense of the word." Such has not been the verdict of other men, and when Gauguin died ten years later, in 1903, he already had been acclaimed as one of the moderns of note.

Whatever qualifications one may have on this score, he did break a path in so far as he disintegrated old forms and thus left fresh materials for later men like Matisse and many others. He also surely typified modern man's separation from his fellows and a persistent desire to escape to some sunny isle where all responsibilities have ceased. The present book reaffirms these notes and thus provides a further index to a personality still awaiting complete understanding. Also enhancing its value are the illustrations, particularly the frontispiece portrait of Gauguin and the later bust of his wife. Almost the whole story of his marital difficulties is to be seen in these two likenesses. No less than ten of his own works are reproduced, and the reader is especially urged to consult the last one, a wood-carving, which admirably exemplifies what the artist himself said he best could do.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 324

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 324 will be found in the next issue.

YJVRLVJ AK ZV MZG

AK RSGOV LVEHLRLAGF

LZRF ZV MZG SVAFY

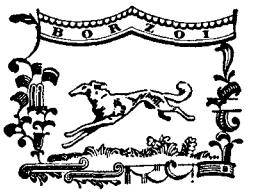
LVEHLVU GOVJTGEVK.

—R. S. RDTGLL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 323

A man's life of any worth is a continual Allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life.

—KEATS.



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Point of a Picture

PRINCIPLES OF ART APPRECIATION. By Stephen C. Pepper. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 326 pp. $4.75.

By Everard M. Upjohn

"THIS book has a double purpose —to enlarge our understanding of the arts and thereby to increase our appreciation of them." To those of us who are concerned with introducing the layman to the visual arts, the cardinal problem is to induce him to use his eyes. The average person is so conditioned to the printed word that he hardly looks at paintings for what they contain without some written stimulus; that there may be a visual language whereby ideas and emotions can be expressed is to him a novel concept.

That his perception can be aroused in many ways, as for example by an introduction to art history, Professor Pepper would be the first to admit. In his new volume he has lucidly derived certain elements of art appreciation from their psychological roots. After a brief discussion of how our tastes are formed and modified, he examines such matters as design, pattern—quite the best discussion we have ever read—, type, and the visual means of providing emotional stimuli. This could have been handled in a theoretical vein; Professor Pepper has not done so. Each step receives concrete illustration through its application to specific works of art.

The artist in using these general principles must convey them in visual materials. The characteristics and possibilities of color, line, mass, and volume are infinitely varied. For example, line to most people is a narrow mark on a surface, or possibly the silhouette of an object; as such it may describe something, it may be enjoyed for its decorative beauty, or through its character express an emotion to the observer. But this, the draftman's line, is but a small part of the possibilities of line. The artist constantly prompts the observer to create esthetic lines for himself, to link together as by a kinesthetic sensation significant points within a painting. The intimate effect on design of such esthetic lines singly or in combination generally outweighs the draftman's line in importance.

After his exposition of the visual materials, Professor Pepper focuses his observations in his discussion of specific examples of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Anyone who has taught introductory classes in the arts will be aware of the infinite variety of legitimate readings for works of art. It is evident that the author knows this; he offers his own brilliant analyses of paintings with the comment that he, personally, finds this or that point in them: "Personally, I think Tintoretto meant this emotional meaning," "For myself, I think of a squall," etc. One is grateful for this modesty, which not only makes it easy to accept his interpretations, but seems to invite the reader to amplify them from his own experience.

That only twenty-three works of art are illustrated at first seems surprising, especially since most of the book is written around the four excellent color plates—Fra Angelico, Renoir, Picasso, and Matisse. But the further one reads, the more one approves of this limitation. It drives home the truth that the basic elements of art appreciation are of universal application. To introduce fresh items for each new observation would leave the reader with the impression that pattern is pertinent only to a Persian rug, line to Fra Angelico, mass to Cézanne, organization in volume to Tintoretto, whereas in fact these fundamentals are present in any work of art in varying proportions.

One suspects that Professor Pepper's primary interest lies in painting. To this reviewer, at least, the chapter on architecture is less effective than the rest. Functional and structural requirements, quite properly stressed, differentiate the art of building from painting and sculpture, but design, pattern, mass, and volume are less clearly applied here than elsewhere. Furthermore, the relation of material to design, though not ignored, calls for more explanation; though of comparatively slight bearing on painting, the physical properties of materials have, in our opinion, a profound, if not formative, influence on architecture. Nevertheless, where so much to applaud has been provided, it is invidious to ask for more. Professor Pepper has accomplished his double purpose.

Everard M. Upjohn is associate professor of fine arts at Columbia University and one of the authors of "History of World Art," recently published by Oxford University Press.

Champion of Naivete

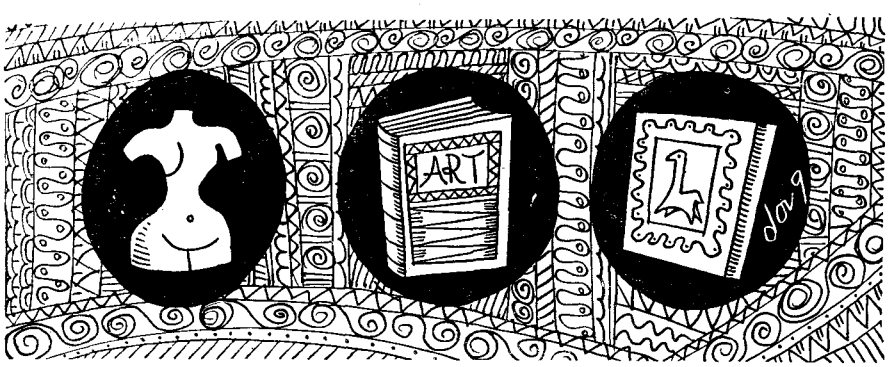
FIVE PRIMITIVE MASTERS. By Wilhelm Uhde. New York: Quadrangle Press. 98 pp. $7.50.

By John Rewald

FOR several decades the name of Wilhelm Uhde has been linked with the modern French primitives in the same way in which that of Duret is inseparable from the impressionists. In 1911, within a year after the death of the *douanier* Rousseau, he published the first book on the master, whom he had intimately known. Since then there has been no "self-taught" painter in France whose work he has not fondly examined, collected, exhibited, and propagandized. Though he has never claimed to have "discovered" all these artists whose works he liked to hang next to his Picassos and Braques, he has certainly been their most fervent champion.

Wilhelm Uhde had prepared, for many years, a scholarly and rather ambitious publication on these painters. He had accumulated a vast documentation which was to enable him to give chronological accounts of their lives, together with extensive lists of their works. But his files were lost during the occupation of Paris while he himself had to go into hiding because, though originally a German, he had never failed to express his contempt for Prussianism and Nazism.

Instead of the definitive book which he had planned—and had been best suited to write—Uhde finished just before his death a short series of studies on five of the most important French primitives. Some of these studies make use of shorter articles previously published by the author, and the essay on the *douanier* Rousseau is taken with only minor changes from Uhde's first monograph of 1911, long out of print. Together they form a charming whole and read much like the accounts of visits during which we meet "personally" the queer toll-collector Rousseau, dean of this group of painters who never knew each other, the quiet postman Vivin, the laborer and circus strongman Bom-



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bois, the strange charwoman Séraphine, and finally the peasant Beauchant, whose imagination was tempted by subjects such as "The Proclamation of American Independence" as well as "The Battle of Palermo in the Punic Wars [with elephants]." Of them all, Uhde speaks with great warmth and feeling, and though occasionally comparisons with Poussin, Chardin, or Cézanne may seem a little far fetched, it does not appear altogether unfitting that the apologist of these painters should show, in his enthusiasm, some of the same naivete and conviction he cherished in their art.

The text is accompanied by thirty-two full-page black and white illustrations and four color plates. It is regrettable only that these reproductions are not dated and do not include some of the works specifically mentioned or analyzed by the author. While Uhde insists that the true content of the works of these painters is "the emotional richness of their inner lives," he does not quite offer us a key to the mystery of primitive art, in tracing the delicate borderline between real naivete and awkwardness.

Art Book Notes

FLORENTINE ART UNDER FIRE, by Frederick Hartt. Princeton. $5. For those who knew Florence and the Tuscan towns before World War II, the extent of battle damage done to their art and architecture is here recorded in an agreeably personal account and illuminated by numerous "before-and-after" photographs. The author, a U. S. Army Monuments and Fine Arts officer, details the experiences and accomplishments of the British and Americans assigned to the task of salvaging the antiquities and extols the devotion of the Italian civilian museum officials to their treasures. Mr. Hartt also provides a fair appraisal of the work done by their German military counterpart, the *Kunstschutz*. A rather complete listing of intact and damaged buildings, with notes on the extent of damage and subsequent repair, is given in an appendix.

JAN VERMEER OF DELFT, by Frithjof Van Thienen. Harper. $2.50. All extant paintings by the seventeenth-century Dutch genre and landscape painter, thirty-six in number, are reproduced here, nine in full color. The count is Professor Van Thienen's, for there is some dispute among specialists as to the authenticity of a number of the works currently being exhibited as Vermeers; Van Thienen has ruled out two alleged "Vermeers" now being shown at the National Gallery in Washington.

The debate about Vermeer's work

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DIRTY HANDS, which, in a version titled *Red Gloves,* and with Charles Boyer as the star, played this past winter to enthusiastic audiences despite Sartre's objections to the translation. This is his authorized translation.

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE, which was a smash hit in New York in 1948, went on the road this year, and despite censorship difficulties, is still playing to capacity crowds.

THE VICTORS, which was presented early this year by New Stages and which Howard Barnes, in the *New York Herald Tribune,* called "not a drama to be easily dismissed or forgotten."

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DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

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arises from the fact that the artist was "rediscovered" during the past century, which accounts also for the shortage of authentic biographical data available about him. The latter may be counted a blessing, for it prevents devotees from romanticizing the man and forces them to concentrate on his work. Professor Van Thienen's text for this second in Harper's Masters of Painting Series is about all one could ask.

THE RISE OF CUBISM, by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. THE CUBIST PAINTERS, by Guillaume Apollinaire. Wittenborn, New York. $1.75 *each.* Through their Documents of Modern Art Series, the publishers and their capable and devoted editor, Robert Motherwell, are continuing to make available to American readers writing of primary importance to the modern art movement. These two new paperbound volumes are examples of the treasures lying around for years awaiting translation and publication.

The German art dealer Kahnweiler wrote his "Rise of Cubism" after leaving Paris on the outbreak of World War I. His work has been deprecated by some critics on the grounds that his point of view was that of the merchant of art rather than of the painter or critic. But such objections to his critical judgment seem petty if one takes a look at the catalogues of Kahnweiler's collections which the French seized in 1914: they contained the great body of important French modern painting up to that time.

The poet Apollinaire died a war casualty on Armistice Day 1918, five years after writing the essays collected as "The Cubist Painters." The opening piece, a poetic concentrate of aphorisms and comments, is followed by short critical essays on the nine giants who dominated the modern movement during his lifetime.

FRENCH XVIII CENTURY PAINTERS, by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Phaidon. $2.50. This handsome, pocket-size volume contains six monographs from "L'Art du Dix-huitieme Siecle," translated and edited by Robert Ironside. Mr. Ironside observes in his prefatory note that "final judgments of art criticism must always be literary judgments"—certainly an outmoded point of view but one which does apply to the De Goncourts and, roughly, to their period. The De Goncourts' judgments rested on "taste" and their critical method on antiquarianism; they expressed both in prose that is a delight to read. The six artists—Watteau, Boucher, Chardin, La Tour, Greuze, and Fragonard—are represented by 100 illustrations.

The Film Forum

A DOCUMENTARY REVIEW (Part II)

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Continuing last week's list of films which in our opinion make up the best in documentary, here are brief descriptions and notes on availability of eleven more films. This selection has been limited to productions currently available in this country on 16mm. Most of them are available for rent or purchase from leading educational and commercial film libraries, as well as from the main distribution source given in each instance. The films are in alphabetical order.*

NIGHT MAIL (1936)

Produced for the British GPO Film Unit by John Grierson; directed by Basil Wright and Henry Watt; sound direction by Alberto Cavalcanti; music by Benjamin Britten; verse commentary by W. H. Auden. Available from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. (27 min.)

The overnight run of a London-Glasgow mail train, used as the vehicle for some interesting experiments in documentary techniques.

PICTURE IN YOUR MIND (1949)

Produced by the International Film Foundation; directed and executed by Philip Stapp; music by Gene Forrell; narration by Walter Abel. Available from the International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, for purchase only. (16 min.)

A powerful statement on prejudice, drawing upon anthropology, sociology, and myth, and using an effective experimental combination of color animation, music, and the spoken word.

POWER AND THE LAND (1940)

Produced by the Rural Electrification Administration and the Department of Agriculture; directed by Joris Ivens; photographed by Floyd Crosby and Arthur Ornitz; commentary by Stephen Benét. Available from Castle Division of United World Films, Inc., 1440 Park Ave., New York, for purchase only. (39 min.)

Electricity comes to the American farm.

REALM OF THE WILD (1945)

Produced by the Department of Agriculture. Available from Castle Division of United World Films (address above), for purchase only. (28 min., color.)

Wild-life conservation in the U. S. (See *SRL* July 16.)

RHYTHM OF AFRICA (1947)

Conceived and produced by Jean Cocteau; photographed and edited by Francois Villier; English commentary written by Langston Hughes; narrated by Kenneth Spencer. French version entitled "L'Amitié Noire" is also available. From A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19. (16 min.)

A fascinating study of life in French Equatorial Africa.

THE RIVER (1937)

Produced by the Farm Security Administration; written and directed by Pare Lorentz; photographed by Floyd Crosby, Stacey Woodard, and Willard Van Dyke; music by Virgil Thomson. Available from Castle Division of United World Films (address above), for purchase only. (30 min.)

Life in the Mississippi Valley—in what is probably the most popular American documentary yet made.

THE SCHOOL (1945)

Produced for the U. S. Government by Julien Bryan; directed and photographed by Francis Thompson. Available from Castle Division of United World Films (address above), for purchase only. (21 min.)

A casual and pleasing approach to public education in the U. S., as seen in a typical small town.

SONG OF CEYLON (1936)

Produced for the Ceylon Tea Propaganda Board by John Grierson; directed by Basil Wright. Available from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., New York, to educational organizations only. (40 min.)

Contrasts the graceful and dignified life of the people with external influences brought by international and Empire commercial trade, using a film form which can most readily be described as "symphonic."

VALLEY OF THE TENNESSEE (1944)

Produced for OWI Overseas, directed by Alexander Hammid. Available from Castle Division of United World Films (address above), for purchase only. (30 min.)

A natural sequel to "The River," showing how TVA affected daily life in that region. (See *SRL* June 25.)

VALLEY TOWN (1940)

Produced by the Educational Film Institute of NYU; directed by Willard Van Dyke; photographed by Roger Barlow and Bob Churchill; edited by Irving Lerner; music by Marc Blitzstein. Available from NYU Film Library, Washington Square, New York 3. (27 min.)

Technological unemployment, with experimental poetic overtones.

YOUR CHILDREN AND YOU (1947)

Produced for the British Ministry of Health; directed by Bryan Smith; produced by Alexander Shaw. Available from the British Information Service (address above). (31. min.)

Child care and family problems dealt with in a casual, witty, and wholly British manner. (See *SRL* Nov. 13, 1948.) —CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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IF ONE MUST WRITE FICTION . . .

(*Continued from page 7*)

could be dignified by that name, was a healthy change of occupation, and no one who physically fit in 1939 found himself in the same physical condition at the end of 1945 has the smallest excuse for grumbling about his lot. I only mention, as a fact, that the gap of five and a half years in the very middle of my professional life was no more helpful to me than to people in other callings.

Perhaps unfortunately, it left my appetite for writing fiction unabated. Very soon after demobilization I was at work on a London novel, "Elephant and Castle," which I had planned before the war. The disease, in fact, still had its hold on a patient who had not the smallest wish to be cured. I found that after the long interval it was necessary to start learning again, more painfully, much that I thought I had learnt before about the business of constructing a novel, of using words, which are intractable material, to convey to "the reader" (mysterious, techy, hostile creature) the excitements which one's people and events have provoked in oneself. The task does not grow less laborious, the problems are never solved. It continues to be a whole-time job (which I vary with amateurish attention to Church work and to an entrancing family), and I mean to pursue this occupation as long as the state of the world, the tolerance of my bankers, and my own mental physique allow.

The intention is hard to rationalize or justify. Of the several occupations I have tried, this one is very much the hardest, the loneliest, the most continuously exasperating. I frequently think that it is also the most selfish. The priest and the ploughman are necessary to mankind. Those who make soap or sell bicycles perform services which justify their existence. Even the story-teller, if he sticks to romance or detection, fulfils a need of human society. But it is not evident that the novelist who spends all his time trying to satisfy what he calls his artistic conscience is fulfilling any such need. Further, I fancy that if such a novelist tries to ease his moral conscience by deliberately introducing a didactic element into his work he generally courts disaster: the control which he exercises upon his characters derives from certain intuitions, and if, forsaking those intuitions, he uses characters as instruments for teaching moral lessons, they will die. Boiling moral passion may produce work which has both moral and artistic value. Fiction derived from a calculated morality will have neither.

That statement, however, I believe to be incomplete. The novelist portrays people—their behavior, thoughts, emotions—but such portrayal will not result in a novel until it has been shaped by artistic process. Art implies pattern; in the novel, a pattern of human relationships, which is inevitably a moral pattern; and in practice the intuitions by which the actions of a novel are controlled are at least partly of a moral nature. The opposition between artistic and moral purposes proves, in the end, to be only a superficial one. The fundamental concern of the fictionist is to represent truth as he perceives it, with the greatest possible fidelity; on that fidelity the artistic value of his work depends, and it would at least be difficult to argue that this concern has no relation to morality. Shortly, I believe that in so far as he succeeds in the artistic purpose of illuminating an area of truth—the actualities of human nature—the novelist performs a unique function which cannot be without moral value.

To explore the implications of this view would need a paper several times as long as this. Here, without wishing to be dogmatic (since dogmatism is not the prerogative of authors), I can only suggest that a certain absence of stature which has been observed in much contemporary fiction may be due to the mechanistic conception of human character which now widely prevails; for if the human being is considered merely as the resultant of heredity, environment, definable complexes, then the description of his mental and physical behavior comes to have only the interest which attaches to problems in mathematics. The splendor possible in fiction will never come, I think, except from discovering in every human (good or bad, intelligent or idiotic) a value far higher than that which he derives from having, in the last few hundred millennia, come to surpass the lower animals in sentience and understandings: an individual and unique value, acquired from an extra-natural source.

I fancy that the raison d'être of a novelist is to be found in that conception, which is fundamental to his business; and also, as I understand it, fundamental in the Christian philosophy.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

BABY, IT'S WARM UPSTAIRS

IF YOU have somehow arrived at this stage of the season still in physical need of a vacation let me point the way, if it is not geographically inconvenient for you, to Victoria and Vancouver, on the yonder side of our Northwest border. Vancouver is nearly all business, and Victoria is nearly all pleasure, but both incubate in a mellow mildness all year around. Victoria's Victorians are perhaps proudest of the fact that most any Christmas will find local roses still in bloom.

Vancouver, which settles dramatically at the edge of a mountain range, at the foot of the sea, wasn't established until 1886. In April of that year the city was incorporated, but within forty minutes the following June 17 the whole settlement burned to the ground. Today half of British Columbia's one million citizens live in Vancouver, largest city in the province. The ninety children who were enrolled in Vancouver's schools fifty years ago have grown to 45,000; and the Burrard Dry Dock, a one-man shipyard in 1886, now hires 12,000 people. It hardly ever snows in Vancouver—or didn't until last winter—and the average yearly temperature is about fifty degrees. In case of a heat wave there are thirteen beaches, twelve miles of sand-paved shore, inside the city limits.

Half of Vancouver's citizens are of British origin, but the city also houses the second largest Chinatown on the Pacific Coast. So many Chinese drift in and out of Vancouver, presumably from the Orient, that the local *Chinese Times* operates an unofficial mail exchange in its front window. Turbanned Hindus also live in Chinatown, and one of Vancouver's 200 churches is a Sikh temple.

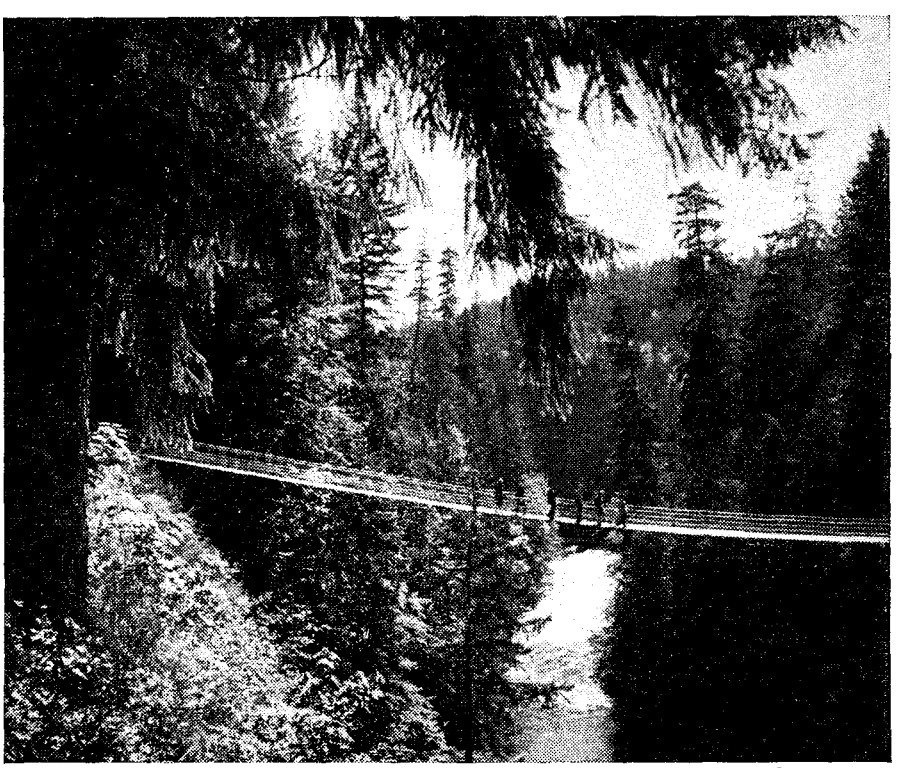
Although Vancouver clearly has a penchant for the progressive, some typical Canadian conservatism has eaten its way to the coast. If you want a beer in town you have to retire to what is known rather quaintly as a "licensed premises," a circumspect parlor with separate entrances for the ladies. For anything stronger you will have to buy a membership in a drinking club, an official extravagance that will set you back a minimum initiation fee of $10.

If you see a grandstand on trolley wheels ride by in Vancouver it isn't the heat, and it certainly isn't the insobriety. The B. C. Electric Co. owns observation cars fitted with tiers of seats, which it operates for the benefit of sightseers along the routes of the city's trolley-car tracks. Sightseeing buses will take you through Stanley Park, as primitive as a city park can be after fifty years of adjacent civilization, and out to Capilano Canyon. The big attraction at the canyon is the Swinging Bridge, a cable catwalk stretching over the gorge. When you walk across, the whole thing sways with the abandon of a ten-year veteran on the burlesque circuit.

Victoria, on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, is eighty miles equidistant from Seattle and Vancouver—a half an hour by plane, or four hours on the boat. Victoria has been widely advertised as a "corner of Old England." Although it does attract many pensioners from the gay St. Petersburg set, its townspeople are embattled against those who call Victoria an old folks' home or, even less tactfully, a cemetery with lights. It is, at any rate, the capital of British Columbia and of Canadian gentility. In season flower baskets overloaded with fuchsia and marigolds are hung from the lampposts. At night the multi-domed provincial Parliament buildings, near the waterfront, are outlined with strings of white bulbs that reflect in the bay at the foot of the steamers to the mainland. And there have been times in the soft summer season when the waters were rippled only by the curdling notes of a bagpipe played by a seaman deep in the ship's hold, a lonesome, homesick tie with the homeland, over the land and far beyond the sea.

For Victoria, there's no business like tourist business. You can sightsee in the conventional bus, in a convertible Buick, or in a four-horse tallyho fitted out with a public-address system. But you can spend a day shopping the sights that lie within a block or two of the CPR's mammoth, ivied, Empress Hotel, which overlooks the wharves. There is, in the first place, Thunderbird Park, a block away, which is an outdoor museum specializing in totem poles, welcome figures, and other hoodoo equipment of the five Indian tribes to whom British Columbia was home before the arrival of the Spanish and English explorers.

If my memory serves me, the CPR's Crystal Garden—I'm sure the only swimming pool owned by a railroad—is directly across the street. Self-ordained as the Largest Heated Salt Water Swimming Pool Under Glass on the Continent, Crystal Garden has a grandstand and a terrace. It also has enough potted palms to build a life-sized model of Miami Beach. Tea is served under the palms, and Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings,



—*Horace Sutton.*

Capilano Canyon—a catwalk swaying "with the abandon of a ten-year veteran on a burlesque circuit."

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commencing at nine, there is dancing. They have swimming at Crystal Garden, too, every day from 10:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Sundays 2:00 until 5:00. Admission for swimmers is forty cents; children, twenty cents; spectators, twenty-five cents; tea drinkers, half a buck. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE LAND OF ETERNAL SPRING, by Lily Aguirre. Franklin Watts-Patio Press. $3.75. The land in question is Guatemala, a country only lately discovered by America's wintering tourists. For Lily Aguirre, who was born in Guatemala City of aristocratic parents, but who lives now in the United States, Guatemala is a country of orchids, roses, pines, and bananas. Although Miss Aguirre offers little specific tourist information, her rather straightforward exposition is enhanced by a number of local legends and anecdotes that will provide a potential traveler with the feel of the place, if not with the name of the best hotel.

LET'S GO TO GUATEMALA, by Lyman and Ellen Judson. Harper. $4. The Judsons are at work on a series of books on Latin American countries, and when they are through the soul of the nations south of the Rio Grande will certainly be laid bare. The Judsons take apart a country the way a mechanic takes down a motor, piece by piece, analyzing, sorting, cataloguing. Each community in which the tourist will find interest is covered first in a short essay, brightened, sometimes, with personal experiences. There follows then, a Judsonmap, with key, and finally a small-print section offering detailed information about hotels, clothing, transportation (including schedules), and even literary references.

SEQUOIA AND KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARKS, by John R. White and Samuel J. Pusateri. Stanford University Press. $3. An invaluable handbook of the neighboring parks carved out of California wilderness some 200-odd miles south of Reno, and 120 miles northwest of Death Valley. A compilation of information on roads, entrances, camping sites, local ground rules on firearms, and what to do with your dog or cat. There are some historical data, and some description, too. Sample: "No canvas can adequately portray the exceptional attractions of these Sierra parks." However it's all to the good, and you ought to have the book if you plan to visit the parks for camping or for skiing. Photographs and added information about flora and fauna.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MOZART: QUINTETS (TWO VIOLAS) IN D, K. 593; C MINOR, K. 406. Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims, viola. Columbia MM 708 (3); 830 (3) LP: (both) ML 4143.	Clean, sharp recordings (prob. made at same time, though one is newly issued, other issued in 1947). Good liveness, but "edge" is so sharp you may need treble roll-off (tone control). LP better than 78; I have both for K. 593.	Splendid, ambient Mozart playing, beautifully plastic. The sharp-edged recording suits this thicker textured quintet music better than thinner quartet sound. These are major Mozart items even though K. 406 was transcribed from wind serenade, K. 388.
*MOZART: SYMPHONY #35 ("HAFFNER"). Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia LP: ML 4156 (½) (with Bach Suite #2). 78: MM 836 (3)	The typical Columbia recording — steely sharp, close-to detail against a big, live background. Rather hard and unyielding sound for Mozart—but performance is partly the cause.	Emphasizes the hard, tense aspects of the music—they exist and have been overlooked in other performances; cf. Beecham's tubby, good-natured, prewar version (CM 399) —a striking and interesting contrast.

* Reviewed from slow-speed version.

RECORDED CONCERT

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

A STAY at the Country Dance Society's summer camp has allowed me to put a batch of three-speed-era recorded music to the acid test in a series of semi-outdoor recorded concerts, given in an open camp house where people lounge about on the grass or veranda, in canoes on the nearby lake, or seated inside. Such a concert, played on good high-fidelity equipment, is a measure of the illusion of reality, the atmosphere you achieve by all the means at your disposal—it is also a painful indicator of shortcomings in your machine, in your records, and even in your technique of presentation.

A good recorded concert calls for versatility. One must have a quick intuition as to what music will go over at the moment with the given group, regardless of personal taste; one must feel an audience's pulse, sense impatience before it is incipient, capitalize on unexpected *rapport*. One weighs constantly that critical balance between the plus of fine music well performed and the more potent minus of poor reproduction.

But before this one must choose time and place with cunning. The more informal the seating the better and the brighter the lighting, the harder your job will be. Moonlight is enormously helpful; twilight-to-pitch dark is inspiring, too. Utter stillness of wind promotes communion, discourages chatter.

Never aim a powerful speaker squarely at a lined-up audience; rather retreat with it around a bend, out of direct line, out of sight if possible, then aim it diagonally and sharply upward over all heads, to catch the maximum reflection. Disguise its position in every way you can; let music come from one knows not where. Keep your distance always, and turn up the volume.

With good equipment you will find people do not object to wide-range highs (given enough bass for balance) even with the average hissy shellac record. Pops and swishes on vinylite are more annoying. A slight tone control will eliminate most of them in emergencies.

The LP record has brought astonishing improvement to the recorded concert, for the more successful your illusion, the more unnerving are the musical breaks in the short records. Only a few LP's, alas, will take 100-per-cent wide-range reproduction and these superb discs are your foundation—there's nothing to compare with them. Other LP's need some tone control, taking off the fine edge of realism, but avoiding unpleasant harshness.

I set up my 45 rpm player for an audience test alongside LP but its worst fault put me on the spot at once. The second record dropped, began to slip, groaned to a hideous stop. When another album produced another slippage, the 45 was hastily retired, for good! Why, I ask, is there not the simple embossed corrugation that would make slippage impossible? —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

WHEN I was young, I used to find
A light about each growing thing.
Or was it something in my mind
That gave it so much glittering?

It must have been a mystic bond
To make me feel that flowers could start—
In ways I could not see beyond—
Their rootlets sinking in my heart.

A secret looked from every tree.
Each pool lay capsized as from sky.
And all around I used to see
The sunsets ferry fables by.

Such beauty had the power to wake
A sorrow for mortality;
Such beauty made my heart to ache
For what my eyes could never see.

—LOUIS GINSBERG

* * *

I have received a letter commenting upon my squib [*SRL* Aug. 20] concerning Cardinal Spellman's attack upon Mrs. Roosevelt. Despite the heat of the attack, my squib was light and in good humor. I am sorry that I cannot reply personally to the writer of the three-page letter because there is no address on it, and it is signed merely "An Old Reader of The Benét Column." It is from a sincere Catholic, and it is for the most part reasonable.

The attitude that some who did not like the Cardinal's attack have toward the Barden Bill is simply that they feel there is no reason for Federal funds being used for private schools, including parochial schools. There is a Federal aid bill in the Senate at present, I believe, which leaves the distribution of public funds pretty much up to the states. But Representative Andrew L. Jacobs, of Indiana, a Catholic, spoke in Congress in sharp dissent from the Cardinal. What I personally found rather incredible in the pronouncement of a Prince of the Church was the violence of his attack upon one of the finest and most public-spirited women in the United States. In my opinion Mrs. Roosevelt upheld her position with her usual dignity, common sense, and Christianity.

A fixed American principle is (and I quote from an excellent article in *The New Leader*) "that every member of the community is obligated to support public enterprises. Public schools are public enterprises. Even persons without children are taxed to support public schools. But none is obligated . . . to use the public enterprises if they do not wish to; moreover, they could have a private fire department if they wanted to, and could afford to, and if the private fire department met the standards set up for fire departments. But . . . no citizen could be obligated to support somebody's private fire department or,

equally, somebody's private school." Groton and St. Paul's are, I believe, parochial schools of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has just as much right to have its own parochial schools as has the Roman Catholic Church. Yet I certainly would not advocate that Groton or St. Paul's be allotted public funds!

I think the Cardinal will now have succeeded in preventing Federal aid for *any* schools, public or private. Two fundamental American principles are freedom for every kind of religious expression, and also the separation of church and state. Roman Catholics have every right to have their own schools, colleges, and universities, which they have in quantity in this country, and which are substantially supported by Catholics. The public schools of America, on the other hand, are non-sectarian and are supported by the whole people of the United States. THE PHOENIX NEST is without any prejudice whatsoever against Catholics, as is well known, although the attitude of its editor is that of a non-sectarian layman. I can appreciate, for instance, passages of great beauty and power in the popular "The Seven-Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton, while privately disagreeing with some of his statements and conclusions, and being unable to understand why one who had a slightly wild (but not very unusual) youth should have worked himself into believing that he was one of the world's greatest sinners. For one thing, it seems rather conceited! This attitude brought about his conversion—entirely through his own impulses; no slightest pressure was brought to bear upon him at any time. I cannot understand that. It may be that I am not fitted to understand it. I cannot see the Merton youth as that of a ghastly sinner, and I cannot see the human race as the ghastly mess he seems to have found it before he became a Cistercian. We all inveigh against society and against mankind; but I simply cannot follow his explication of Original Sin, even though I feel that mankind is very little to be trusted.

However, this department is no place for religious controversy or for political controversy, save in occasional tangential comment which may, I think, be allowed to be ironical, satiric, humorous, even, occasionally, angry. Neither do I believe that I am always right. But in the case of my squib I do. Otherwise I should have made no comment upon the situation at all.

* * *

LO, THE NOT-SO-POOR INDIAN

A manufacturer in New Britain, Conn., reported today the sale of an electric blanket to a Sioux Indian in South Dakota.—News item.

Although the night grows colder
Upon Dakota's plain,
The campfire's left to smoulder,
The wind may howl in vain.

For in his streamlined teepee,
Equipped with AC plug,
The Sioux, so very sleepy,
Is snoozing plenty snug.

He *may* dream dreams of Custer,
His mind may still be full
Of Little Bighorn's luster
And wily Sitting Bull.

He *may* recall the prairie
When buffalo ran rife,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 805)

J. D. CARR:
(*The Life of*)
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

If readers wanted him to restore Sherlock Holmes to life, he would henceforward give them a sound, workmanlike job and accept as much money as slightly deranged editors were willing to pay. He might even, in a mild way, enjoy doing it.

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And scalping belts were hairy
And blood was on the knife.

But though he dreams of old days
And smiles with proper pride,
He knows they were the cold days,
And unelectrified. . . .

The white man took his cattle,
The white man did him harm,
But, though he lost the battle,
At least he now sleeps warm.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

The Lyric Associates, Inc. (Foundation for Traditional Poetry) has been established by Virginia Kent Cummins (Mrs. Stephen Cummins), of New York City, herself a poet. Its purpose is to encourage simplicity, clarity, and discipline. Robert Hillyer, as you probably have heard, received the first award made by the Foundation. He is joining the faculty of Kenyon College, Gambier, O., in September. The Foundation has acquired *The Lyric*, a magazine of verse thirty years old, which is now paying for accepted poems.

* * *

UPSETTING, ISN'T IT?

What fearsome beast is this we see
Along the highway hurtle?
It's just a trailer—happy home
Of humans turning turtle.

—WIN ECKHARDT.

* * *

Anthony Boucher, writes me of something new. His address is 2643 Dana St., Berkeley 4, Calif.:

> Knowing the predilection of the Phoenix for fantastic literature, I venture to call your attention to a new magazine, to appear early in September: *The Magazine of Fantasy*, published by Lawrence Spivak and edited by J. Francis McComas (whom you'll recall as co-editor of Random House's stf-anthology "Adventures in Time and Space") and me. What we're trying to do here is to create a new vehicle for tales of the marvelous—supernatural or superscientific—neither pulp nor slick, but simply literate and entertaining. Our hope, in short, is to do for the fantasy short what Ellery Queen did for the detective short—raise the level of the field, appeal to new readers, provide a fresh market for imaginative writers. I'd also strongly welcome suggestions of good forgotten material to reprint. We aim at a balance of reprint and original material—the first issue runs six originals and five reprints.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

DO YOU NEED young professional woman's intelligent, capable help in personal, driving, household, or any other capacity, evenings, (midtown Manhattan), weekends, holidays (anywhere) Box A-60.

10 POCKET BOOKS $1, good as new! Mystery, Western, Romance. State type preferred, and enclose dollar bill . . . we pay postage. Or send 10¢ for catalogue list. BOOKMAN, 319 N. Robinson, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SECRETARY-5 years with editor national magazine; also experienced as author's assistant, in editing, proofreading, corresponding with publishers. Fast, accurate stenographer. Available for similarly responsible, absorbing position anywhere in Manhattan ($65). Box A-62.

DO YOU ADDRESS ENVELOPES? 1000 hourly with inexpensive machine. No messy inks or stencils. Details free! Write at once. SYLCO PRODUCTS, Box 149, NYC 11.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, now with USAF, desires intelligent correspondence with young ladies and gentlemen. Box A-35.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

HANGTOWN BALLADS—30 rare gold rush samples of Americana. Unexpurgated, illustrated, collector's item. $1. Order from The Forty-Niner, Georgetown, Calif.

COUNTRY-LOVING POET-EDITOR seeks within typewriter range, a socialistic Elizabeth Barrett Browning or George Sand. Box A-37.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE—home wanted in congenial community for elderly woman musician. 2-3 room apartment (perhaps part of house), furnished—unfurnished; space for baby grand. $50 monthly. Box A-38.

WILL PLAIN, broad-minded, affable, but lonely girl, literary inclinations, correspond with boy similarly situated? Box A-39.

ARTIST NEEDS ASSISTANT. New venture cooperative concert management. Give background. Box A-40.

YOUNG MAN, suburbanite, Old Dutch background, quiet sort, aspirant writer, seeks correspondence with intelligent, tolerant, sincere young woman. Box A-41.

EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE APARTMENT, available Oct. 1, monthly or yearly lease, private residence, main street, Vermont village. 2 single bedrooms, bath, living room, kitchenette, sunny exposures, oil heat, beautiful views. References. Write: Mrs. Boyd Edwards, Arlington, Vt.

REAL HOME available to child who needs intelligent, cultured "parents" trained in child care. Good public, private schools nearby, private tutoring, music, other opportunities. Mr. & Mrs. Guy Murchie, Jr., Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

ASSIGNMENT ABROAD? Young advertising woman, 4 years national agency, experienced European traveler wants to go back on American business. Box A-44.

WANTED: University school where playwright can teach "Workshop" playwriting course. Complete lesson plan. Box 435; 217 7th Ave., NYC.

NEUROTICA, a lay-psychiatric magazine. Authoritative, uncensored, enlightening. $2 year. 4438½ Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

WANT TO DISCOVER the stimulating pleasure of creative activity? Want to paint pictures, make etchings, manufacture your own colors, have your finished painting analysed, take up sculpture, explore the book, magazine and advertising arts, learn the how and why of lettering, layout and typography, illustrate or create fashion design? Then write for free catalogue "S," to: The Brooklyn Museum Art School, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

FREE CATALOGUE number 28 now tantalizing nice people everywhere. Peruse this bargain list with uninhibited joi de livres. H. H. Evans, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

MATURE WOMAN, English born, interested in corresponding with religious-minded gentleman. Box A-52.

EMBRYONIC MALE AUTHOR, 37, desires stimulating connection with publisher or magazine to sharpen creative ability and ensure stomach's employment while completing novel. World-traveled holder of 3 degrees. Ex-college teacher, collegiate press assistant, magazine editor, association executive, naval administrator. Salary subordinate to interesting opportunity. Box A-56.

WOMAN WITH CHARMING CHILD, cooperative, easy, offered free vacation, 2 weeks or more in simple, serviced country home Lyme, Conn. Reply: Box A-57.

FAME AND RICHES spring from national publicity. Noted originator "Leave Us Alone Week," other national publicity, tells you how to publicize yourself or ideas. F. Lander Moore, Dept. S., Douglas, Ga.

MATURE WOMAN, European background, cultured, refind, well traveled, literary interests, desires correspondence with gentleman of similar attainments. Box A-49.

YOUNG LADY, born in England, interested in corresponding with cultured and literary minded ladies and gentlemen. Box A-50.

NO LONGER "PROP-HAPPY" MALE, 27, after much air has gone over the wings during 5 years in executive capacities with international airline on 23 foreign stations, desires to trade "glamour" of current employment for challenging position with NYC concern offering sanity, security, salary. Box A-54.

ENGLISH WOMAN, interested in corresponding with sincere gentleman who is literary-minded. Box A-51.

PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVE wishes to correspond with interesting lady possessing a zest for living. Box A-53.

WANTED: Literary lair in which self-titled novelist may complete book to earn appellation. Any apartment or small house, furnished or unfurnished, with modest cooking, sleeping, working space for two, Manhattan or commuting area. Moderate rental. Box A-55.

PERSONALS

ARISTOCRAT, young philosopher-poet would appreciate protege privilege to prove and write exceptional theory. Box A-24.

MUSIC LOVERS! Sponsor wanted. Attractive young lady, talented singer desires help further promising career. Eventual reimbursement. Box A-25.

IS THERE A TYPIST WITH AN A. B. DEGREE and editing experience who desires a leisurely year in Mexico and a gamble? Invalid needs help to complete non-fiction MS. which might hit the jackpot. Expenses and percentage; no salary. Box A-26.

INTERESTING, PROFESSIONAL MISS would correspond with fine, professional gentleman. Box A-27.

ARE YOU YOUNG, enthusiastic, personable with initiative and ability to organize? Reference assistant needed in progressive community-conscious, expanding library. 35 minutes from NYC. Excellent salary depending upon qualifications. Retirement plan, 4 weeks annual vacation. Box A-28.

$37 MONTHLY; 1½ room co-op on Columbia Campus. Ask $2,100 but will talk turkey. Box A-29.

OLDER WOMAN, splendid background, associated arts and literature, desires correspondence with elderly gentleman of culture and refinement. Box A-30.

WISH TO BUY English translation "Vortex" by Rivera, sold out. Box A-31.

WOMAN, cultured, charming, mature, real homemaker, interested country living, writing, wishes correspond unsophisticated gentleman. Box A-32.

SINCERE YOUNG GENTLEMAN striving for Ph. D. in philosophy, infinite interests, seeks diversion from studies, invites feminine correspondence from rational, intelligent, attractive female. Box A-33.

POLYPHILOPROGENITIVE (6) lawyer and spouse, literary, musical, need large house better than average community at less than average price, until income catches up to family. Commuting distance Chicago. $15,000 is all. Box A-34.

WILL SOME NICE GIRL please write to an intelligent educated, industrious, congenial, small-town gentleman, interested in pleasant, peaceful living. Box A-1.

ONE WORLDERS; internationalists; who are anti-communist, anti-fascist, anti-pacifist; believe in individual rights; willing to take unselfish action to support convictions; correspondence desired, write views. Box A-2.

MODEST, MODERN HOME near good public library in interesting community (anywhere) wanted by retired man and wife. Box 806-H.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

HIGH SCHOOL MARM will swap brainwaves with male correspondent. Interested in anything relating to the Human Comedy. Box 919-H.

"WHAT MADE YOU LAUGH YESTERYEAR?" 10 different issues of The New Yorker, Puck, Punch, Judge, Life from 1890 to 1935. Special group price $10. Box 136-D.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

CAT-LOVERS! Send $2.75 for superb National Geographic containing colored photographs all breeds. Free cat-book list on request. Box 134-D.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands $1.51 per carton postpaid. West of Mississippi add 7¢ per carton. Minimum order 3 cartons. Send check or money order. KING COMPANY, Box 1713-C, Baltimore, Md.

IN LOVE WITH SAN FRANCISCO, graduate of eastern college and southern Law School, age 35, single, 5 years' service in the Army, wishes to live there but needs work. Any job of a permanent nature considered. Box 1069-H.

THE GIFT SUPREME! Donate a set or collection of books, your favorite author, subject, to your library or Alma Mater. Personal bookplates furnished. (Deductible from income tax.) Details free. Box 131-D.

WEAN YOUR JUNIORS from those terrible comics on bound volumes of the glorious St. Nicholas Magazine. Replete with variety of subjects, illustrations of juvenile appeal; all interests. Bound volumes, 1870's-1919, 6 issues to a volume, $6.75. Sample issue, $1.50. Box 136-D.

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel "Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varities—Blacks, Greens, Olongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50, postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, NYC.

JOURNALISM HONOR GRADUATE seeks writing assignments. Promotional copy, ads, columns. Box 1079-H.

PERSONALS

FOUR DELICIOUS, different yeast breads. Tested for taste appeal. Send dollar for recipe. Box 1077-H.

MATURE MAN, good pianist, loving music, nature, people, invites correspondence with congenial, home-loving woman. Box A-4.

SURPRISE YOUR CAT! Send 50¢ for 6 lovely, multi-colored retrieving balls. Box A-5.

2 ROOM APARTMENT, unfurnished, private house, utilities included, share bath, $45. Mount Vernon, N. Y. 7-7004.

DESERT ENCHANTMENT, writer's dream: cottage (library, bedroom, bath, excellent kitchen) 12 miles from town. Long lease. "Seventh Range," Route 8, Box 510, Tucson, Ariz.

LONELY FEMALE invites correspondence from lonely male. Box A-8.

ENGINEER, 30, single, broad theoretical and practical experience in technical problems; now employed, seeks new type connection with esthetic and philosophical values. Box A-9.

OLD VIRGINIA FARM HOUSE for sale. 4 chimney, ante-bellum house, 12 rooms, 250 acres, A-grade colleges nearby. Box 152, Farmville.

MALE MATURE, secular idealist, aesthete, intellectual gypsy, invites correspondence. Box A-12.

FOR SALE: Cottage on 75 foot cliff, Casting, Me. 11 rooms, 3 baths, 3 fireplaces, 30 foot glassed porch, 20 foot terrace on cliff, 1 acre woodland, garage. $10,000, partially furnished. Attractive. Write: Apt. 1622, Tudor City Place, NYC 17.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, sincere, high moral standards, desires correspondence with young gentleman. Box A-14.

STOCK FARM, ESTATE. 175 acres in heart of Sussex County. Excellent pasture and grazing land, including some big timber and tillable soil. Colonial center hall dwelling, completely modernized, large barn, 3 car garage and shop. Club privileges to natural large lake. Reasonable commuting. Immediate possession, quick sale, $25,000. Horace A. Springer, Realtor. Andover, N. J. Telephone: Andover 3389.

MATURE MISS seeks correspondence from sincere man. Box A-17.

FOR SALE: Unspoiled old Vermount farm house, 2 fireplaces, complete modern equipment, 3 bathrooms, electric water heater, automatic oil furnace, writing room or library separate building. Half mile private road to route 7, 10 miles to Middlebury or Writers' Conference, Bread Loaf. Remarkable view Adirondacks. Unfailing water. 100 acres. Asking $18,000. Box A-13.

TIRED OF PLANNING MEALS? Sick of poulle a la delicatessen? I'll plan your meals for a week. Sophisticated food for sophisticated taste. If you like tea-room food or wash your salad bowl—don't bother. Week's menu and receipts, $2. Box A-18.

GIRL ARTIST wants letters from young men who like educational pursuits, outdoor life and gracious living. Box A-20.

STAGE DIRECTOR, wide experience college, community drama, wishes find group anxious create genuine regional theatre. Box A-21.

HARLEQUIN, a monthly publication of contemporary achievement in the arts. The editors of HARLEQUIN would like to see manuscripts, sources, photographs, drawings. D. P. Rodewald, 17 Fair Oaks, St. Louis 17, Mo.

PERSONALIZED, frivolous sportswear designed and executed for the discriminating gentleman. Inquiries after 6 PM. NYC, TRafalgar 7-8681.

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MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Crow-bar.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 806

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

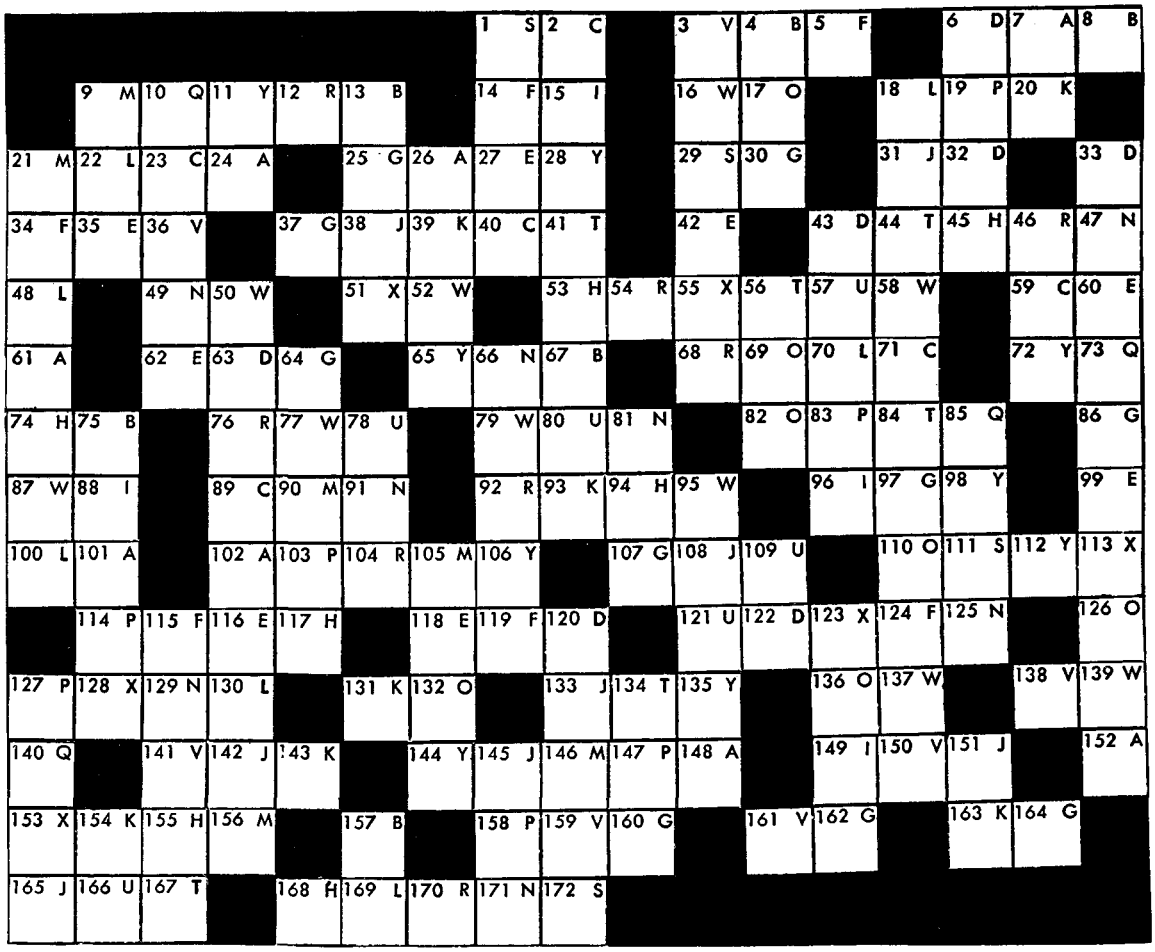
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hubbub; rumpus (colloq.).	24 7 102 61 148 101 26 152
B. Island on which Calypso kept Odysseus seven years ("Odyssey").	8 13 75 67 157 4
C. Small, short-legged, smooth-coated hound, originating in England.	89 2 59 71 40 23
D. Birthplace of John Wesley, England.	120 43 33 32 122 6 63
E. Shining; having a reddish glow.	99 27 118 42 35 116 60 62
F. One of the Seven Wise Men of Greece (640?–546 B.C.).	14 119 124 115 34 5
G. A perennial European herb grown in U. S. gardens, with supposedly febrifugal quality, etc.	162 64 107 86 97 164 30 25 160 37
H. Gives great delight or pleasure to.	168 74 117 94 155 45 53
I. Mount where Hercules built his funeral pyre (Gr. myth.).	15 88 96 149
J. The thick part of a bell against which the clapper strikes (2 wds.).	31 38 142 108 151 133 145 165
K. One of the chief forms of Arabic and Persian script.	20 131 154 93 39 143 163
L. Artlessness.	18 70 169 22 100 130 48
M. Queerness.	21 146 156 90 105 9

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Characteristic of a ruffian.	125 129 81 49 91 66 47 171
O. Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, N. Y. City.	17 110 132 69 136 126 82
P. A satiric comedy of N. Y. City life by Anna Mowatt, 1845, revived in recent years.	114 147 158 103 127 19 83
Q. A demonstrative display.	140 73 10 85
R. Bantering.	54 76 46 68 92 104 12 170
S. American physician, esp. writer on children's care and diseases (1855–1924).	1 29 111 172
T. A heap; a great quantity (chiefly slang).	56 84 41 44 134 167
U. A group of eight.	57 121 109 80 166 78
V. First run of the still (distilling; 2 wds.).	36 141 3 138 161 150 159
W. The science or doctrine of the good (ethics).	77 95 139 137 87 50 58 52 16 79
X. German poet (1749–1832).	128 153 123 51 55 113
Y. An accusation of treachery from one's intimate friend (3 wds.; Latin; hist.).	106 72 144 11 65 28 112 135 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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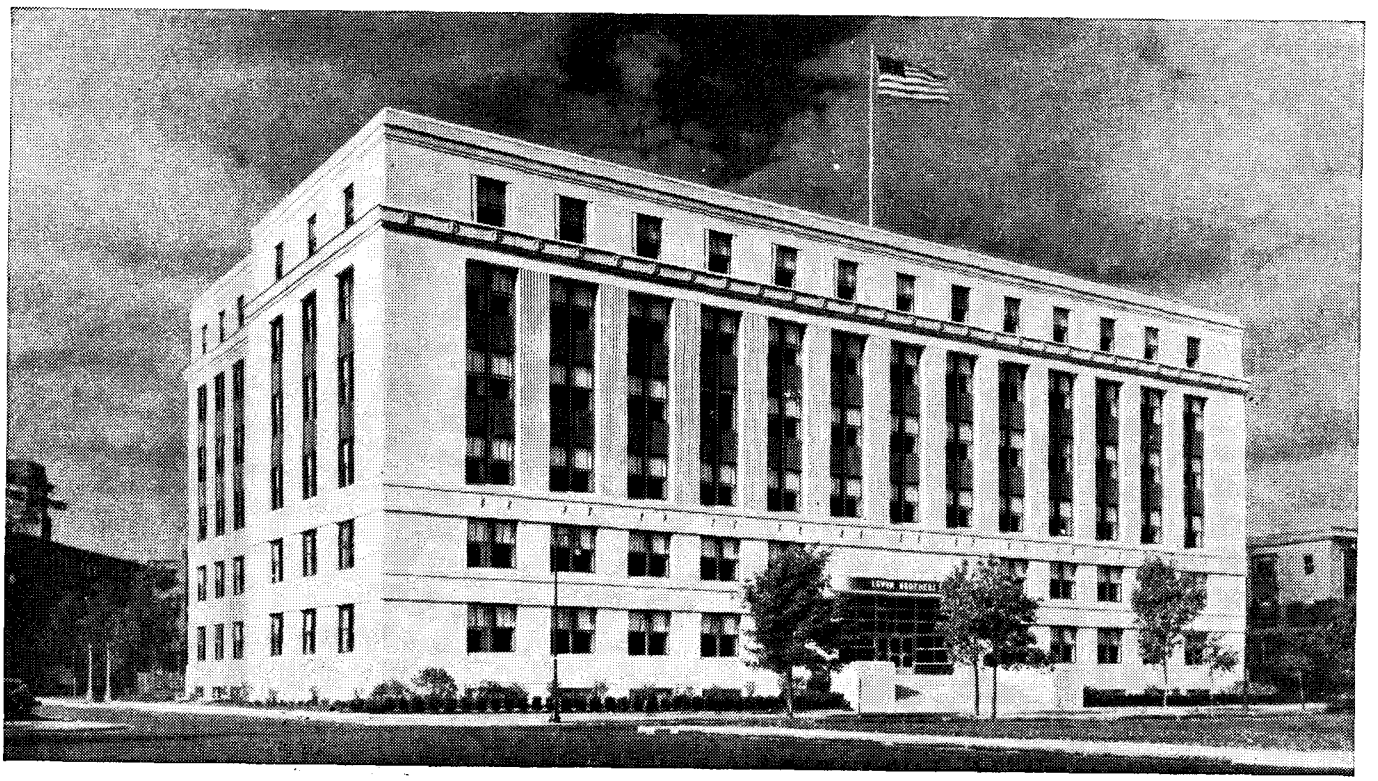

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